"THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW." VII.—A CIVILIAN AT AN ARMY POST.

By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVI.—No. 1849.
Copyright, 1892, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

AN ALARM OF FIRE AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 510.]

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE BLUE-GRASS REGION OF KENTUCKY, and Other Kentucky Articles. By JAMES LANE ALLEN, Author of "Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales and Romances." Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

These sketches of Kentucky life and manners are characterized by all that grace and charm of style of which Mr. Allen is an acknowledged master. They embrace most entertaining descriptions not only of the famous "Blue-grass Region," but of other interesting localities, including the great coal and iron district of Cumberland Gap, which has been so wonderfully developed within the past few years.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

The above work is for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by mail by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK, MAY 28, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

"THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD."

The fourth article in this important series—Rome, by G. BOISSIER*—will be published in the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

MAKING A RECORD.

THE conduct of the Democratic House must be intensely amusing to Mr. THOMAS B. REED, of Maine, who has a fine sense of humor, and who, it was announced, would be well roasted at this session, like a Czar fallen among nihilists. But the roasting has not yet begun. The rules of procedure are about as arbitrary as during his reign as Speaker. The Supreme Court has practically sustained his view of ascertaining a quorum and putting it to practical use. He has heard the Democratic Speaker denounced by Democratic members in terms that were familiar to him from Democratic lips when he was in the chair. He has seen the Democratic House saved from the brand of free silver only by a timely Republican interposition, led by Mr. BURROWS and himself; and, finally, he has been gently aiding the Democratic House to transfer to its own brow the diadem of a billion dollar Congress. We can imagine no more complacent countenance than that of the ex-autocrat as he surveys his late realm, and the antics of those who marched in triumphantly and dethroned him in the great names of retrenchment and reform.

Since its overwhelming victory of 1890 the Democratic party seems not to have comprehended that, whether or not it was making history, it was certainly making or unmaking Democratic votes. Apparently it has supposed that because a high tariff necessarily breeds political corruption, and because Messrs. QUAY, CLARKSON, PLATT, & Co. are unsavory leaders, therefore the public mind is unaffected by the monstrous Democratic performances in Albany and the attempted performances in Washington. If defeat in the national campaign were to be determined by the greater power and more dangerous character of party bosses, Messrs. QUAY, CLARKSON, PLATT, & Co. are puny figures beside the Tammany bossism in New York. "If dirt were trumps," said CHARLES LAMB to his partner, "what a hand you would hold!" There are great public questions and policies of administration which should be represented by the parties that they create. A sound currency, economy of expenditure, reform in methods of administration, security of honest elections, progress in all reform legislation—these are among those questions, and the Democratic party is trying to discover on which side of them it stands. An eye sensitive to humorous impressions, like that of the ex-Czar, must be sparkling with fun as it watches the bewilderment.

Not that the ex-Czar's party is happy. Far from it. It is stumbling toward Minneapolis through a wilderness of broken promises and sharp fragments of pledges unfulfilled, and as it wounds more painfully its lacerated shins, it brandishes what it has saved from the débris as proof that the highway of success is unobstructed, and the journey only a triumphal procession to the White House. This spectacle is probably not one of unalloyed mirth to that humorous eye. But it is an eye too sagacious also not to see that the apprehension with which the great Democratic victory of 1890 was received by intelligent Democrats has been largely justified. The party is in absolute power in New York and in the popular house of Congress, but it is much less strong than when that victory was won. The undoubted popular distrust of the party which was due to the war had greatly disappeared under the CLEVELAND administration. It is a party of a new generation, it was said, and addresses itself to new issues with a new man not identified with old contests. But the tenacity of party tradition is extraordinary, and it was the consciousness of that truth which inspired the apprehension that followed the victory of 1890. Some of the Democrats who felt it are now trying in New York to purge and recreate the party, which is the admission that the old party tradition had not disappeared. Nevertheless, it is a struggle which even the ex-Czar's sagacious eye must watch with interest, because he knows how much the successful progress of the procession in which he marches depends upon the result in the Democratic party of the contest which is symbolized by the movement in New York.

CHILI AGAIN.

WHEN the excitement over the Chilian question ended with the acquiescence of Chili in our demands, there was undoubtedly a general feeling that the transaction did not redound to our national honor. Those who had followed closely the narrative of events were persuaded that Mr. EGAN was not a proper person to represent the United States in Chili, because of the conviction of the new government that he had been practically a partisan of BALMACEDA, and because what was known of Mr. EGAN'S conduct apparently justified that conviction. Had Chili been a great power instead of a small state, our own course would have been different, and the Chili episode is not one of the claims of President HARRISON to public confidence. The whole question has been now reopened by letters and documents professing to be fac-similes of telegrams, receipts, and other papers which affect the conduct of Mr. MCCREERY, our consul at Valparaiso, and of Lieutenant DYER, of the flag-ship *San Francisco*, secretary of Admiral BROWN.

The *World* publishes a fac-simile of the cipher despatch of Admiral BROWN to the Navy Department describing the insurgent landing, which was seen and countersigned by Admiral VIEL, the Intendente of Valparaiso. This cablegram was repeated in English by Lieutenant GEORGE DYER to the New York *Herald*, and was also countersigned by the Intendente, an officer of BALMACEDA, who was thus at once informed of the insurgent operations. When it was reported to the Navy Department that Admiral BROWN had informed BALMACEDA of the landing at Quinteros, the Secretary instantly cabled to the Admiral asking whether he had communicated the news to anybody not connected with his vessel, and the Admiral replied, "No one from the ship gave information." The cablegram of Lieutenant DYER, therefore, was unknown to Admiral BROWN. But unless some explanation can be given by Lieutenant DYER of the cablegram which the *World* reproduces in fac-simile, it would appear that information of the insurgent landing at Quinteros, the revelation of which might have been fatal to the Congressional cause, was really communicated to BALMACEDA by a naval officer of the United States.

The letter of Dr. TRUMBULL, a well-known Chilian resident, charges further that Consul MCCREERY speculated largely in London exchange, basing his transactions upon information received from Minister EGAN and United States naval officers regarding the fortunes of the war, which information, when received in London, would necessarily affect the market, and give the consul extraordinary opportunities in speculation. Fac-similes of documents sustaining this charge are also given. It is not surprising that Dr. TRUMBULL thinks that all these alleged transactions by agents of the United States should be investigated thoroughly. The conduct of our representatives in Chili during the civil war in that country was not a source of pride to any American. We barely escaped a war which would have been in every way unfortunate, and an opportunity is now offered to our government of ascertaining all the facts, and determining whether the general impression that Chili was justified in the feeling that we were unfriendly in her struggle is well founded or mistaken.

A LIVELY REFORM.

THE Democratic party has not adopted civil service reform as its policy, but the Democratic committee on the subject in the present House, which is overwhelmingly Democratic, has decided unanimously to recommend the passage of a bill placing the labor system of the government within the rules; and the same committee, with but one dissenting Democrat, has decided to introduce a bill to withdraw the fourth-class post-offices, of which there are more than 60,000, from the spoils system. The passage of these two bills would largely establish the reformed system in the civil service so far as it can be done by law. Their introduction, however, does not make them law, and it can be readily and not improbably said that the committee reports the bills knowing that they will not pass, but thinking that the favorable report may placate the voters, whom Mr. HENRY WATTERSON, under the general classification of independents, cranks, and floaters, estimates in New York alone at three hundred thousand.

But were this the only motive for introducing the bills, it would show the conviction that the voters who favor reform are a body to be conciliated. Both parties share the honor of the bills. The post-office bill was presented by Mr. LODGE, of Massachusetts, an eminent Republican, and the labor bill by Mr. ANDREW, also of Massachusetts, the Democratic chairman of the committee. The labor bill we have already described, and we take from the *Evening Post* the following summary of the post-office bill:

> "The bill provides that the country shall be divided into postal districts, and that, when vacancies occur, open competition shall be announced by post-office inspectors, who shall recommend the best man to the Postmaster-General after receiving the applications and examining the facts. In the 27,000 offices where the compensation exceeds $100 a year inspectors are to make personal visits before reporting, except in cases where there is only one applicant, when the inspector may, if he thinks best, recommend the applicant for appointment without visiting the locality. The bill forbids Congressmen and other Federal officers to make recommendations or interfere in any way with appointments, and prohibits appointments or removals upon political grounds. These latter provisions, of course, apply equally to the 34,000 offices exempt from personal visits by the inspectors in choosing postmasters, the reasonable expectation being that if politics is excluded from the more important places, there will be little attempt to evade the law in filling the smaller ones. The committee estimate that the extreme cost of the proposed system would be only $60,000, and that probably the present force of inspectors would need but a slight increase in numbers to carry out the provisions of the bill in connection with their other duties."

The prohibition of Federal officers, which includes Senators and Representatives, from recommending appointments or in any way interfering with them is a measure which has been often urged, and never more strongly than by ex-Senator EDMUNDS. It is often suggested that as the appointing officer in Washington can have no knowledge of the mass of persons whom he must appoint, the natural way is to apply to the Representatives of districts and Senators of States. This is one of the oldest spoils arguments. But the reply is simply that the worst method of obtaining information in such cases is from those who have the strongest personal interest in the appointment, and who will make it the basis of political and personal bargains; while a method which eliminates such interest and seeks only the fittest persons is obviously the true method to promote the public interest. A well-devised method of selection, such as the reformed system provides, offers to the appointing power the person who is probably most qualified for the position. But under the spoils system all that the appointing power can know is that the persistent Representative or Senator wants a certain person appointed for other reasons than fitness. Secretary TRACY'S introduction of reform into the labor system of the navy-yards last year and this proposal in Congress of the general extension of reform this year show that reform is neither dead nor sleeping.

THE VATICAN AND ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

THE decision of the Roman Church in the case of the parochial schools in Minnesota seems to have been somewhat misunderstood. It did not abrogate the decree of the Baltimore Councils, which requires Catholic support of parochial schools. Indeed, in some instances Catholic parents who have permitted their children to attend the public schools have been excommunicated. The decision of Rome expressly excepts the Minnesota schools from the general rule. The words of the judgment are, "without derogating from the decree of the Councils of Baltimore on parochial schools, that the arrangements entered into by Archbishop IRELAND concerning the schools at Faribault and Stillwater, taking into consideration all the circumstances, can be tolerated." This is very far either from making a precedent or justifying the belief that the Roman Church has changed its policy in regard to our public schools. It is, in fact, simply making the best of a particular situation, which is the traditional policy of the Church of Rome.

In Faribault, Minnesota, the Catholic Church built a parochial school in which the Dominican Sisters were teachers. The school languished, and last August the Church authorities relinquished it to the public-school board for one dollar, upon condition that the teachers were to be retained and paid by the school board, and that no religious exercises should be held, and no ecclesiastical emblems displayed, until after school hours. There was still some friction, which Archbishop IRELAND removed, and the schools are now said to be harmonious. But whether the teachers are always to be selected from the Sisters, and whether they have any voice in the selection of text-books, and how other similar questions

are to be answered, are all points upon which no statement is made. Archbishop IRELAND, however, was satisfied with the arrangement at Faribault, and introduced the compromise system, as it was called, at Stillwater. His course was strongly opposed by a party in the Church of which Archbishop CORRIGAN, of New York, is a leader, which holds that the compromise system is hostile to the declared policy of the Church. This is the position of the Jesuits also, and of what may be called the Tory party in the Church.

But Bishop KEANE, of the new Catholic University in Washington, and some other eminent Catholic theologians, are openly in favor of Archbishop IRELAND'S scheme, and Cardinal GIBBONS, of Baltimore, is alleged to be friendly to it. An appeal was made to Rome, and Archbishop IRELAND went to plead his cause before the final tribunal, with the result that we have stated. In the letter to Archbishop IRELAND transmitting the decision of the Propaganda approved by the Pope, Cardinal LEDOCHOWSKI says: "I hope your Grace will be gratified by this decision of the Holy See, because though unusual provisions made by the different bishops in their respective dioceses according to the requirement of circumstances cannot be approved directly by the Holy See when they imply a departure to a certain extent from a general law, nevertheless, when the Holy See declares that such provisions may be tolerated, it thereby puts an end to all indiscreet attacks upon them." This is an acknowledgment that the Faribault plan is an unusual arrangement, departing from a general law. The controversy shows that the line between Liberal and Tory Catholics in this country is becoming more definitely drawn. The one thing which may be assumed as fixed is that the American public schools will not be made sectarian, and as the requirement of parochial schools imposes a double school tax on Catholic parents, the Church that imposes it is compelled to seek a *modus vivendi*. As yet, however, the Roman Curia does not acknowledge that it is found in the Faribault scheme.

JAMES R. OSGOOD.

BY his large circle of personal friends Mr. OSGOOD was held in such affectionate regard that the news of his death in what was the prime of an active life brought a sudden and most painful shock. His warm heart and quick social sympathies, his delight in clever and cultivated society, and his large and intelligent familiarity with literary life, made him an instructive and delightful companion. His simple, upright, and hearty character was expressed in a frank and cordial manner which at once invited and rewarded the fullest confidence.

His temperament had a certain fascinating blending of gayety and indolence, and the refined taste and sympathy of a studious college boy, as in many of his American fellow-craftsmen, were always apparent through the generous business activities of his life. He came from college to the counting-room, and he never left it, although, as the sketch of his life on another page of this paper shows, his business relations were various. The books that bear the imprint of J. R. OSGOOD & Co. are those of many of the authors who have given to American literature its chief distinction, and Mr. OSGOOD'S personal relations with the authors were most friendly and appreciative.

Within two or three years Mr. OSGOOD had formed in London a partnership with Mr. CLARENCE W. MCILVAINE, and the new house succeeded Mr. SAMPSON LOW as the agent in England of the house of HARPER & BROTHERS. American books could have been introduced to the English public by no intermediary whose personality could have more pleasantly commended them than that of Mr. OSGOOD and of his younger partner. His death is a grievous loss to such a business connection, because it is the loss not of an agent only, but of a personal friend. Yet it is a sorrow assuaged by the remembrance of a relation as cordial and undisturbed as it was intimate and happy.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION.

As we are all bound by the duties of charity, and as we generally find them very onerous, and try in every way to avoid them, even by giving a dime to a street beggar to be rid of him, the very least we can do is to encourage and aid those who make a serious study of the tremendous problem of charitable relief. The National Conference of Charities and Correction is a congress of such persons who meet every year to confer upon methods and results, to compare experience, and devise wiser methods of relief, not only in the interest of those who need relief, but of the welfare of society.

Every intelligent man who gives alms in the street does it surreptitiously, because he knows that he is shirking a duty, and quite certainly fostering drunkenness and crime. In a word, he knows that he is doing what he ought not to do, and laying a burden on society. The National Conference is held in his interest also, for while the personal duty of charity is not to be neglected, those who will neglect it must be prevented as far as possible from doing harm, and every man can prevent himself more easily if he will facilitate the inquiries of those who do not shirk or neglect.

The nineteenth annual meeting of this National Conference will be held this year in Denver, Colorado, and, as heretofore, there is no doubt that the discussions will be of the highest value and interest, and as there are forty-eight State and Territorial associations, the entire Union will be represented personally or by letter. The call of this year is headed by some words of OSCAR C. MCCULLOCH, of whom we lately spoke as a remarkable missionary of Christian charity. Just before the meeting of the Conference in Indianapolis, a year or two ago, Mr. MCCULLOCH, in an eloquent reference to it in a sermon, described its members as those who "officially or in voluntary ways have set themselves to work to restore that which is wandering, to lift up that which is prostrate, and to introduce some order and method into the endeavor of man to help his fellow-men."

THE OLD MOLE.

THE American Protective Tariff League has sent to postmasters a "confidential" circular of a character so extraordinary that it must have been unknown to the gentlemen of the highest character who are officers of the League. The "confidential" circular is intended to make the postmasters to whom it is sent the agents of a political party, and to make for the benefit of certain politicians a political classification of those who receive their mail at the office. "The effectiveness of our work," says the circular, "will depend upon the care with which you prepare these lists."

The dictatorial and confident tone of the circular is, of course, due to the belief of the League which issues it that the postmasters will understand that they hold their places by favor of the party in whose interest the circular is prepared, and may expect to lose their places if they do not obey. This incident is one of the most flagrant and unblushing illustrations of the abuses that inevitably spring from regarding the non-political public service as a party agency, and it is the more outrageous because the attempt is made for the benefit of the party which claims to be deeply conscious of the enormity and peril of those abuses and desirous of correcting them.

Any Church or religious sect in the country has the same right to issue such a circular, although it cannot issue it under the same implied threat. The Roman Catholic or the Presbyterian or the Baptist or Methodist Church would be equally justified with the American Protective Tariff League in requiring postmasters to classify religiously those who receive their mails at their offices, and to be very careful in preparing the list for the sectarian uses of the Church. Dealers in patent medicines and in every kind of merchandise could as properly do the same thing. If one body of private citizens may make such demands on public officers, all bodies may make them, and the consequences may be imagined. If there is no law which prohibits such a public wrong, a Congress which believed what the Republican party professes would stop it peremptorily. There is an order of the Post-office Department, however, which forbids this gross prostitution of the public service to private purposes, and it would be pleasant to see it enforced against the American Protective Tariff League.

MR. NORTON'S DANTE.

MR. NORTON'S translation of the *Divine Comedy* is completed by the publication of the "Paradiso" (the *Divine Comedy* of DANTE ALIGHIERI, translated by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON—HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, & CO.), and no work of American scholarship is more thorough and satisfactory. With his late friends and neighbors Mr. LONGFELLOW and Mr. LOWELL, Mr. NORTON is known as among the most accomplished of Italian scholars, and Mr. LONGFELLOW'S metrical version of the *Divine Comedy* is, in a scholarly sense, the combined work of the three friends. As Mr. LONGFELLOW'S work advanced, it was submitted to the scrutiny of Mr. LOWELL and Mr. NORTON, and the final form was due to the approval of the three.

But there are obvious difficulties in a metrical translation which cannot be fully surmounted, and it is doubtful whether a prose version of a great work in translation, as much more elastic, is not, upon the whole, more satisfactory. But for such a work very much more is indispensable than familiar and thorough knowledge of the language. Especially is it true of DANTE'S poem that only the utmost cultivation in literature and history, a fine poetic perception, a pure, simple, and sinewy idiomatic style, can reproduce it in English so felicitously that the general reader may come as near to the original as any translation permits.

All these qualities distinguish Mr. NORTON'S work, so that it is really an addition to the literature of the English language, as well as a monument of American scholarship. The archaic character is not what in its superficial aspect is called quaint, but it is of the substance of the style. Either volume of the three opened at random illustrates this, as, for example, the opening of the fifteenth canto of the "Paradiso": "A benign will, wherein the love which righteously inspires always manifests itself, as cupidity does in the evil will, imposed silence on that sweet lyre, and quieted the holy strings which the right hand of Heaven slackens and draws tight." This is prose, but it is not prosaic. It is prose quickened with poetic feeling and melody, as when a sensitive hearer unconsciously sways in measure with music. The reader who wishes to know one of the greatest works in literature will find it made most happily accessible to him in Mr. NORTON'S work.

PERSONAL.

THE demolition of the Planter's House, in St. Louis, will remove from existence a hotel that was at one time a culinary landmark, so to speak, in the Mississippi Valley, and which was long one of the most famous hostelries in the West. The hotel is more than half a century old, and considering the patronage it had before, during, and immediately after the war, it may safely be said to have quartered more people of wealth and distinction than any other hotel west of the Ohio. CHARLES DICKENS, though he declared it to be "built like an English hospital, with long passages and bare walls," admitted that it was "an excellent house, whose proprietors have most bountiful notions of providing the creature comforts." Our hotels, indeed, were about the only things American to which the critical novelist paid an ungrudging tribute.

—Commodore WILLIAM P. MCCANN, who has recently been retired from active service, procured his midshipman's warrant by his personal intercession with President ZACHARY TAYLOR. The appointment was originally secured for his brother GEORGE, who was deemed by his family too delicate for a life at sea, while WILLIAM was too old to be eligible. Not daunted by that obstacle, the future Commodore went to Washington alone, walked in unannounced upon the President, and pleaded his cause so earnestly that he returned with the warrant made out in his own name. The most important episode in Commodore MCCANN'S naval career occurred in 1863, when, while in command of the *Hunchback*, he silenced the batteries at Camp Anderson. He afterwards participated in the action of Mobile Bay.

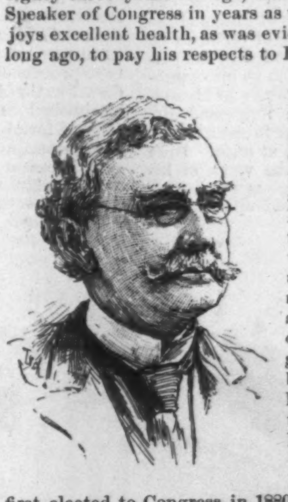
—RICHARD M. YATES, whom the Illinois Republicans have nominated for Congressman at large, is a son of Governor YATES, the State's former war Executive, who died in St. Louis twenty-seven years ago. Young Mr. YATES is thirty-two years old, and has been for eight years a lawyer in good practice at Jacksonville. He has displayed considerable talent at the bar and in politics, and is regarded as a young man of much promise. In personal appearance he is tall, slender, and stoop-shouldered, and is an agreeable speaker, while he possesses a great charm of manner.

—Senator CARLISLE has been said to be a modern representative of the old school of American statesmen, and the resemblance extends beyond his dignity of manner and solidity of attainments to his personal appearance. For, though in place of the old-time swallow-tail he wears a latter-day black frock-coat, he preserves the historic low-cut waistcoat, displaying its expanse of immaculate shirt front and narrow black tie. His face is smooth-shaven, and sober even to sternness.

—Philosophers, statesmen, and scientists are notoriously long-lived, and poets frequently attain a green old age; but men who pass their lives in the bustle of money-getting are supposed to die in their prime. JOHN I. BLAIR, the railroad millionaire, is an eminent exception to this rule. He will be ninety within a few months, but he is as industriously adding to his already great fortune as if he were a man of fifty. Mr. BLAIR is reputed to be worth $50,000,000. He has built thousands of miles of railroad, and constructed the first two lines across Iowa. He is of Scotch descent, and in his earlier years was the keeper of a country store in New Jersey. He is said to have been a delegate to every national convention of the Republican party, and will represent his State at Minneapolis this year.

—Mr. ALBERT E. STERNER, whose drawings are well known to the readers of HARPER'S publications, is also rapidly attaining distinction as a painter. In the Salon of 1891 his painting "A Bachelor" was given a prominent place, and gained for the artist a well-deserved "mention." At the Exhibition of American Artists this year Mr. STERNER has on the line a pleasing little canvas, "The Village Smith," in which perfection of color and graceful and easy technique are very happily and harmoniously combined.

—The Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP has the remarkable distinction of having been personally acquainted with every President of the United States except WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON, and probably no other American possesses so large or so interesting a fund of anecdotes and reminiscences of old-time political leaders. Mr. WINTHROP is eighty-three years of age, and is the oldest living ex-Speaker of Congress in years as well as in service. He enjoys excellent health, as was evidenced when he called, not long ago, to pay his respects to President HARRISON.



—The late Senator BARBOUR, of Virginia, was a man of fine figure and handsome face. He was quite six feet tall, with regular features, and his hair and mustache were gray. He was noted for the courtesy of his manners, and was one of the best-educated of the Southern members of Congress. Senator BARBOUR was a man of considerable wealth, the greater part of which had been made in railroads. He had an extensive acquaintance, and was very much liked and respected by both his colleagues and his constituents. He was first elected to Congress in 1880, from the Alexandria district, and afterwards became known as one of the shrewdest party managers in Virginia. Socially he was much sought after, for he was a most companionable man.

—President CARNOT is a man of many minor accomplishments. He is a clever musician, a fair painter, and a dramatic critic of some culture. According to report, he sometimes devotes a few hours of leisure to sketching in the forest of Fontainebleau, where ROSA BONHEUR has her secluded studio. He is fond of billiards, and drinks wine sparingly, but does not smoke, and eats in great moderation. He dislikes cats as much as Cardinal RICHELIEU and ALEXANDER DUMAS liked them, and none of the smaller domestic pets, not even a bird, is given house-room at his home. The greater part of M. CARNOT'S work, outside of the official routine of the day, is accomplished between nine at night and one in the morning.

THE LATE JAMES RIPLEY OSGOOD.

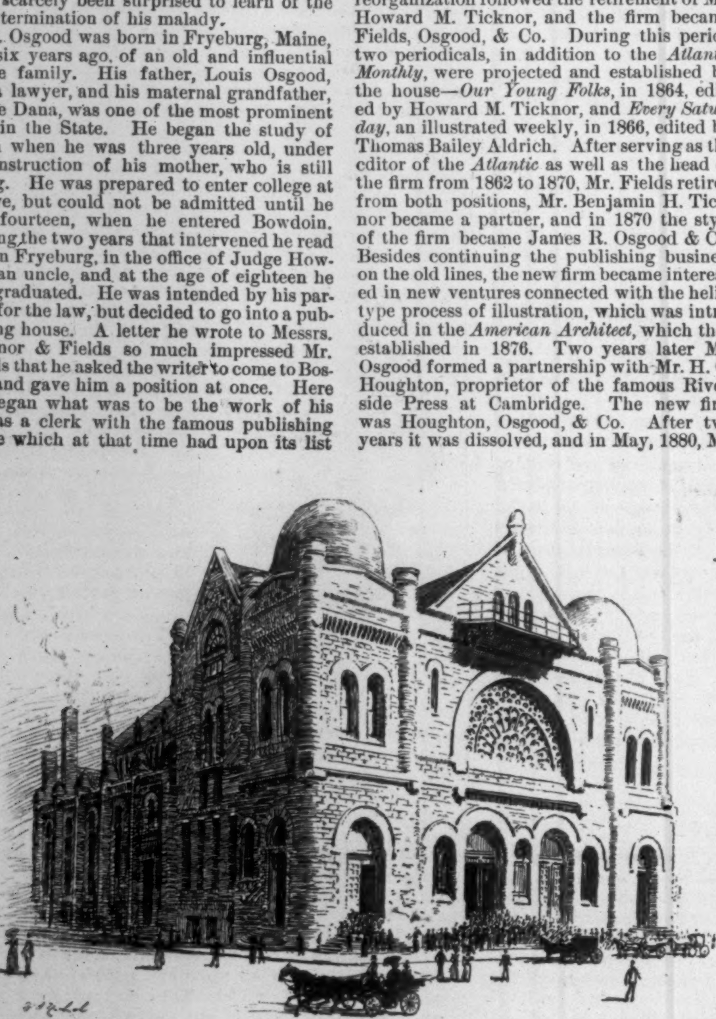
JAMES RIPLEY OSGOOD.

The death of Mr. Osgood, which occurred in London on Wednesday, May 18th, came not wholly unexpected. It was due to a bronchial affection, resulting from an attack of the grippe a year ago, from which he never completely recovered. During his last visit to this country, which ended with his sailing for Europe on March 23d, his friends were pained to observe that a comparative lassitude and apathy had succeeded the alertness and vigor so eminently characteristic of him in health, and they have scarcely been surprised to learn of the fatal termination of his malady.

Mr. Osgood was born in Fryeburg, Maine, fifty-six years ago, of an old and influential Maine family. His father, Louis Osgood, was a lawyer, and his maternal grandfather, Judge Dana, was one of the most prominent men in the State. He began the study of Latin when he was three years old, under the instruction of his mother, who is still living. He was prepared to enter college at twelve, but could not be admitted until he was fourteen, when he entered Bowdoin. During the two years that intervened he read law in Fryeburg, in the office of Judge Howard, an uncle, and at the age of eighteen he was graduated. He was intended by his parents for the law, but decided to go into a publishing house. A letter he wrote to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields so much impressed Mr. Fields that he asked the writer to come to Boston, and gave him a position at once. Here he began what was to be the work of his life, as a clerk with the famous publishing house which at that time had upon its list of authors the most illustrious names of New England. As Mr. Osgood added experience of the business to his native quickness and tact, he became a confidential and trusted subordinate of the house, and his counsels bore fruit in a widening of its scope. On the death of the elder Mr. Ticknor, in 1864, the firm was reorganized, with Mr. Howard M. Ticknor and Mr. Osgood as partners, retaining the old firm name and "the old corner book-store"—the latter until 1866, when the exigencies of an increasing business forced a removal to Tremont Street; the name until 1868, when another reorganization followed the retirement of Mr. Howard M. Ticknor, and the firm became Fields, Osgood, & Co. During this period two periodicals, in addition to the *Atlantic Monthly*, were projected and established by the house—*Our Young Folks*, in 1864, edited by Howard M. Ticknor, and *Every Saturday*, an illustrated weekly, in 1866, edited by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. After serving as the editor of the *Atlantic* as well as the head of the firm from 1862 to 1870, Mr. Fields retired from both positions, Mr. Benjamin H. Ticknor became a partner, and in 1870 the style of the firm became James R. Osgood & Co. Besides continuing the publishing business on the old lines, the new firm became interested in new ventures connected with the heliotype process of illustration, which was introduced in the *American Architect*, which they established in 1876. Two years later Mr. Osgood formed a partnership with Mr. H. O. Houghton, proprietor of the famous Riverside Press at Cambridge. The new firm was Houghton, Osgood, & Co. After two years it was dissolved, and in May, 1880, Mr. Osgood re-established the firm of James R. Osgood & Co., which continued until 1885.

For nearly the whole of his career as a publisher in Boston, Mr. Osgood had maintained close literary and social relations in New York, having become a member of the Century Club in 1866. When his retirement from his firm was announced, an offer was at once made to him by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, which he promptly accepted, and to which he referred, in a letter published at the time, in terms which showed how he was touched by it. Within a short time he became the London agent of the firm, and continued to act in that capacity until his death, having associated with himself within the past two years Mr. Clarence W. McIlvaine, who had served his apprenticeship to publishing in Franklin Square. The firm of Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. has not only acted as the English agents of Harper & Brothers, but has made the innovation of an American publishing house in London, an experiment which may become of importance by reason of the establishment of international copyright, the workings of which are as yet so imperfectly developed, and so dimly foreseen. As the pioneer in such a movement, Mr. Osgood had singular advantages, not merely in the talents for business that had been disciplined by long experience, but also, and not less, by the winning social qualities that made him so eminently a *persona grata* wherever he went, and that fitted him so peculiarly for the work of a commercial ambassador. It was his unaffected kindliness, his humanity, that interested him in all things human, his ready sympathy and appreciation, that endeared him to all who knew him, and that will cause him to be remembered with affection and regret by those who have enjoyed the privilege of being associated with him.

Mr. Osgood was a bachelor, and leaves surviving him his mother, a brother, and two sisters, of whom one, Kate Putnam Osgood, is a well-known contributor of prose and verse to the magazines.



THE TEMPLE, CORNER BROAD AND BERKS STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

THE CENTENARY OF BAPTIST MISSIONS.

A notable congress of Baptists has been, since the 19th of May, in session in Philadelphia. It was opened by Mayor Stuart, and its continued meetings in Grace Temple and the First Baptist Church have excited an interest widespread and remarkable. One century ago the Baptist was a feeble denomination. At the close of 1891 its members counted 3,900,000—3,270,000 of these being Americans. Baptists form to-day a compact, energetic, and aggressive body of Christians.

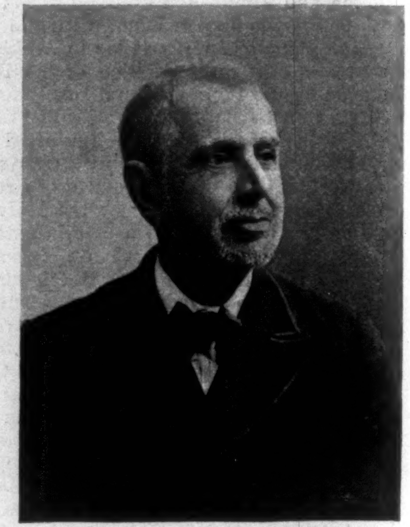
They believe that to them was due the organization of a Foreign Missions Society, which, communicating its spirit to other Christian bodies, opened a new epoch in the modern history of Christianity. The celebration of "The Centenary of Missions," on Thursday, May 26th, by the American Baptist Missionary Union therefore commemorates one of the most important events in the later story of Christian progress.

In the little town of Kettering, England, in 1792, lived a Baptist preacher, William Carey. In that year he published *An Inquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use Means for the Conversion of the Heathen*. On May 31st he preached a memorable sermon, which so greatly stirred the hearts of his brethren that twelve persons took up this work of the Lord. His two main points were: "Expect great things from God. Attempt great things for God." Expectancy and endeavor have ever been the watchwords of the missionary society thus organized. Modern foreign missionary work began with Carey, and the work has spread until foreign missionary societies now number 100, with women's societies not fewer than 60. As a result of these, 8000 missionaries and 40,000 native helpers are now laboring in 11,000 stations. Carey was the son of a weaver, and worked until twenty-eight as a village shoemaker. He was at one time in deep poverty, and fasted all day because he had not a penny to buy his dinner. Andrew Fuller, who came from the plough to the pulpit, and Joshua Marshman were associated with him in this work. The latter had been refused membership in the church of Westbury Leigh, the committee objecting to him because "he had repute as a man of learning," and they had great distrust of such, "gravely doubting whether they could come to a 'heart knowledge' of the truth."

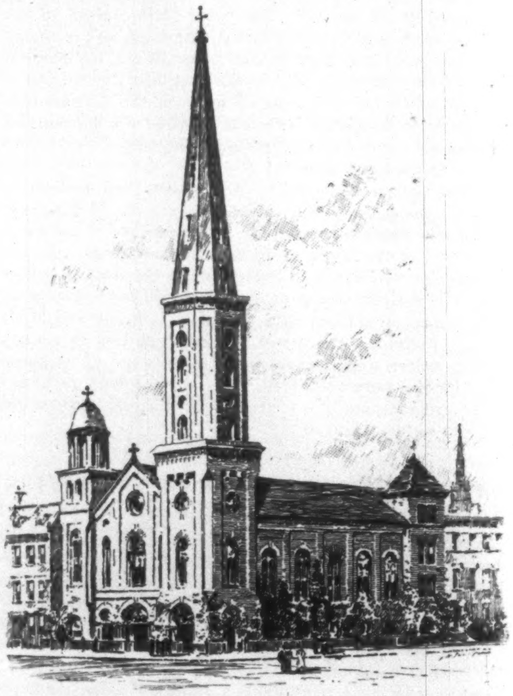
With his wife Hannah, the first woman to give herself to foreign missionary work, he joined Carey in Serampore, India, and, as a linguist and translator, was excelled only by the latter. These men created a prose vernacular literature for Bengal, established the modern method of popular education, gave the first impulse to the native press, and set up the first steam-engine in India. They translated the Bible into Chinese, Bengalee, Hindostanee, and Sanscrit, published a monthly, and a newspaper, "the first in any Oriental language." Rev. William Ward, a printer, assisted them. In 1820 Ward visited the United States. Carey was the author of five grammars, compiled three dictionaries, and with his co-laborers translated the New Testament into twenty-three languages. He procured legislation leading to the abolishment of suttee, infanticide, and other human sacrifices, and began the work which made it a crime to hold a slave against his will.

The First Baptist Church, wherein the Missionary Union meets, is historic. In 1898 it will celebrate its second centennial. It had its earliest home in a store loft on Barbadoes lot, thence emigrated to Anthony Morris's brew-house, and found a home in the meeting-house of the Keithian Quakers. In 1812 its meeting-house, standing in what is now Lagrange Place, a little off Second Street, was the scene of the organization of the American Baptist Missionary Union. Rev. Dr. Baldwin, of Boston, was elected first president, and the great missionary, the Rev. Adoniram Judson, was appointed for his memorable work at this meeting. This building, which contained twelve pews, was twice enlarged, and the famous pastor and preacher Staughton, preached in a round church on Sampson Street, which seated 2000 people. The present stately edifice occupied as the home of the First Baptist Church is on the northwest corner of Broad and Arch streets. In this building in 1854 was celebrated the jubilee of the American Missions Society. Its present pastor, the Rev. George Dana Boardman, is one of the best gifts of foreign missions to the American Baptist Church. He is the first missionary child ever sent back to America. His father, of the same name, died near Tavoy, India, in 1831, and the son, after a childhood marked by hardship, suffering, and romance, reached this country, graduated at Brown University in 1852, and has become one of the most successful divines of America.

F. E. W.



THE REV. GEORGE D. BOARDMAN.



THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE WIDOW OF THE GENERAL.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

IN the quiet burial-ground of a little village by the sea, somewhere within the boundaries of the northern half of the restored Union, lie at rest two officers of the old army whom a difference of opinion—the one a native of Maine, and the other of Louisiana—for a time made enemies, but who now, reunited, are sleeping shoulder to shoulder in the last long sleep.

Once a year the two mounds are strewn, the one with roses, and the other with flowers of the magnolia and orange, and, strange to relate, the Southern blossoms are laid on the grave of the Northern soldier, while the flowers of the North are always heaped on the other mound.

A plain marble shaft rises above the head of the Northern soldier, white among the brown head-stones of six generations of sailors and fishermen.

On the principal face of the monument is the following inscription:

BRIG:GENERAL ——,
18—. 18—.
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

And on the right-hand face, in incised letters of a much more recent date:

COLONEL ——,
Friend and Classmate.
Comrade.

In the same village by the sea lives a beautiful lady, the widow of the General. Although her hair has grown silvery gray with advancing years, time has dealt over-gently with the pale thoughtful face and with the erect slender figure. All the year she wears the weeds and bands of widowhood, except on one particular day, and that the 30th of May, when it pleases this lady to go abroad radiant in a dainty costume of harmonious colors, which comes fresh from the modiste's on the evening before, and which is sent away on the day after to be sold in the city for the benefit of some charity. It is because, she says, weeds and flowers have no place together that she decks herself like a bride on this festival of the flowers, and goes forth to rejoice, leaving the shadow of her mourning behind.

In all her native village no young girl is more cheerful and contented with her lot than this lady in sombre black and spotless white, whose mind and fingers are busy all the days with projects of charity and dainty creations in needlework.

On winter nights, when storms are abroad, and the seas beat on the sands with a boom and roar like distant artillery, the General's widow sits closer to the fire, thankful that there is no war in the land, and if her thoughts wander away to the clash and tumult of other fields long since quiet, is it any wonder?

On a certain evening, when this lady's windows are open to the soft breath of spring, and when her eleventh dainty costume (she trusts it *is* dainty, although she has no heart to look at it) lies unopened in its box on the table, her thoughts have wandered still further away, to one of the frontier posts of the old army—a lieutenant's wife absorbed in all that took place between the rising of the sun and the going down of the garrison flag. She thought of many things, but most of a certain hare-brained lieutenant, who was forever getting her Jack into hot water on the strength of their having been classmates and roommates at the Academy; and how he got himself in hot water through his violent love for a girl from New York who descended on the garrison in the regular way, and how she coolly left him in ice-water when it came to a serious consideration of the difference between a silver leaf and a single bar. She remembered that she herself had banished him to bachelor quarters when she appeared at the post, where she found the two lieutenants living together, and quarrelling like monkeys and parrots to make up for the prolonged inactivity of their regiment.

Once, during a little discussion as to rank, Bob had sneered at Jack's three days' seniority, and sworn hotly that he should be sorry to be buried on the same field, except for the chance—with his best bow—of Emily turning up with more tears than she cared to waste on him.

And once, just before his resignation from the old regiment to take up arms against us all, Bob had said: "Take notice, Jack, I have always wanted to quarrel with you, and never had much success. Looks like my wildest hopes would be more than gratified—ha, old man?" And so they had hectored and nagged and loved each other.

Bob had been living abroad since the close of the war, broken in health and temper, but now and then he wrote the most pathetic and amusing letters to the widow of his old friend.

The widow of the General came back with a start from the frontier port, listened for a moment to the murmur of the surf, like *very* distant artillery, and took from the table the last letter of this much-disappointed old soldier:

"MY DEAR MADAM AND FRIEND,—It is no matter where I am, but wheresoever that may be, I take the liberty to pray for your happiness as often as I venture to ask any official favors for myself. This morning—fact—I ran against Blowser, of the old regiment, steering a red mountain of flesh and a drove of little hillocks into a railway compartment too contracted for the old girl herself. The little fool pretended he didn't know me, and I shook him by the collar until he was as red as a lobster; and then, says I, 'Blowser, I'll forgive you for the sake of your family,' and shoved him into the sardine-box. He enchanted me with American manners to that extent that I resolved to come home at once, and I have already taken passage in a sailing vessel, where I shall not be badgered ten times a day to bet my last stiver on the run of the ship. If you are all as polite as Blowser, I shall pack up my wooden leg and come back on the fastest steamer afloat.

"Otherwise I shall kiss the hand of my old friend in the early summer, and billet myself in quarters near by, where I can hobble over and hear all there is to be told about the man whom it has been my lot to love above all others....

"Life has turned out for me very different from what I pictured it as a saphead subaltern; but I want you to understand that I have nothing to regret except the misfortune of my birth on the wrong side of a family quarrel. Given the same problem again, I should solve it by the same suicidal folly. I am not a man without a country, for I can walk heartily under the old flag—and more—all I have to complain of is that I can't serve under it. During my best years I have been a man disbarred from the ranks of the profession he loved, and all for an accident of birth. I had no heart to enter a foreign army and cut throats for a beggarly salary.

"As for my old friend Jack, he might—he *should*—have lived on, an ornament to his profession and a comfort to his incomparable wife. I, on the contrary, should have died in the front of the battle, riddled, pulverized, as the only rational way out of the difficulty."

Here the General's widow shed a few tears, and folded the letter without re-reading further.

The village had been astir since early morning with the tramp of men and the sound of drums and the laughter of children. The veterans, in their post uniforms, had marched and countermarched on the broad grassy street, carrying aloft their ragged flags, and all the people cheering. At sunrise the old church-yard had been heaped and strewn with fresh flowers, and little printed cotton flags had been thrust into each mound marking a soldier's grave.

The General's widow, together with other women similarly bereaved, but gayer and more joyous in her spring attire than any of the others, whether maids or mothers, has helped the old soldiers in their beautiful work, stripping her garden and grounds of flowers, until to-morrow they will be as sombre and devoid of color as herself. But, like *la cigale*, she thinks only of to-day, glad in the warm sunshine and the cool east wind from the sea, and glowing with gratitude to the soldiers and the children who have jostled each other to lay their tributes on the mound that covers her General.

How joyous the world is, and how sweet and fitting to live in it, hallowed by the memory of her dead!

For four days the prevailing winds have been from the east, cooling and refreshing to the villagers and the workmen in the fields, and inclining to drowsiness the dwellers in the newly opened cottages. Day by day waves have lapped gently on the beach, so that the weakest bathers have scorned the ropes, and the surfman has tied up to the buoy and gone to sleep in his rocking boat. But all the time the spreading waves from a great storm at sea, hundreds of miles away, pushed along by the unvarying winds, have been moving on the unsuspecting coast, bringing nearer and nearer that wonderful phenomenon of a raging sea under a smiling summer sky.

Absorbed in the exercises of the morning, the people have paid little heed to the roaring of the surf, which has been rising steadily during the night. And now as they are dispersing to their homes, news comes of the boisterous behavior of the sea, and the curious begin to move leisurely in the direction of the beach. Arrived beyond the orchards, where one gets the first glimpse of the ocean, there comes suddenly into view a great flashing wall of foam, tumbling over and over on the reaches of beach visible between the sand hills, and throwing masses of spray above the tops of the highest dunes, whereon the people are already gathering in interested groups. Then the men and boys begin to run as if there were danger of the monster ceasing to rage, and all the fields are sprinkled with the people coming, and the hills are black with the people come, standing awe-struck among the tall grasses and the ragged plum-bushes.

On come the green ridges of water, one above another, each a huge curving wall breaking with a deafening boom into a boiling, devouring mass of foam, coming on over the highest line of the beach, licking up tons of sand as it comes, and depositing it again as it surges into tameness against the foot of the ancient dunes, and turns down within the beach a green foam-flecked current floating everything movable within its reach.

How the bath-men are hurrying to and fro roping the smaller houses to the larger ones, and how the captives at the ends of their tethers bob in the current like apples in a bowl of water! The boats are already haled into safety behind the hills.

Deeper and heavier grows the volume of water moving like a broad river between the crest of the beach and the foot of the sand hills, bearing brush and drift-wood and camp-chairs and occasionally a bath-house on its seething current, until, at the weakest point, the beach yields, and the flood pours back into the sea through a gorge cut in a moment, carrying out logs, houses, and chairs, to reappear like straws in the tumbling foam—to land for an instant on the wet sand, and then to be sucked back into the hungry waters.

The lady of the General is there, her festal robes fluttering and dampening in the sticky salt wind, and the veterans, in their shirt sleeves and hats bound round with gold cord, are running to and fro shouting in great glee, and rescuing whatever comes within their reach as if they were scouring over a conquered field—charging into the edge of the flood, and laying down planks to rescue groups of youngsters who have been surrounded unwittingly, as industriously as if they were at the pontoon-bridges again.

"The ball's open!"

"Don't ye hear the rebel yell?"

"Lay down quick! there comes a shell!"

"Nigger eat sponge-cake!"

How the old boys enjoy their holiday, and riot in the war of the elements!

Some tire of the spectacle, and go away, but others come to fill their places. Hour after hour the sea becomes more furious, the wind snipping off the crests of the waves until no eye can penetrate the thickening spray and spume. Out of the invisible the great walls of green chase each other, more majestic and irresistible than ever, and all the time the sky overhead is without a cloud, and behind, the heat is throbbing above the orchards and the village as if the land took no note of the sea.

The beach has risen foot after foot, built up by the layers of sand brought in and released by the boiling surf, until the bath-houses, which have clung to their foundations, look like hen-coops, with the flood swirling into the narrow strips of darkness under the eaves which were once the tops of doorways, and the shelters of oak boughs, built to protect the horses from the sun, are torn and dripping a few inches above the surface of the new beach.

Fascinated by the grandeur of the spectacle, and absorbed in watching the physical changes wrought in the land by this battle between the sand and the sea, the people linger on the dunes until sunset, and then hurry to their homes to snatch a mouthful of refreshment, and come again with thick wraps to crouch on the dry hills and watch and marvel.

The old soldiers have built fires of drift-wood behind the scarps of the sand hills, and as the widow of their beloved General comes again, they insist upon stationing her party at the camp fires while they go and come on the ridge to bring her news of the enemy.

Hark! what is that sound, half heard and half feared, which seems to come out of the darkness through the roaring of the surf? Not faint, as betokening distance, but undeterminable, in the tumult of sound. Once!—doubted—the people murmur, "Did you hear?" *Twice!*—feared—the crowd is hushed. *Thrice! Thrice!* Then the people know they have heard guns from a crew in distress close behind the impassable wall—know that they are fellow-creatures facing death, actually but a few hundred yards off the beach, while practically they may be as many leagues away.

Boats are not to be thought of. The crew has come up from the station, and the old soldiers are running to and fro with ropes, and helping to drag the mortar on to the highest sand hill. From time to time the guns are heard again—one—two—three, and rockets are sent up from the land, ploughing away into the gloom, and bursting over the breakers into flower-pots.

An hour has passed. The crews have come up from four miles to the north and from four miles to the south.

And now the eastern sky is reddening behind the spume of the surf which hides the rising moon. Again the guns—one—two—three—and guided by the sound the practised eyes of the surf-men, aided by the growing light, detect a blotch of shadow through the veil of spume that may be the spars of the wreck.

One after another the mortars throw their shells athwart the sea, until at last a line is found to be taut, and communication is established with something living on the ship.

In all the turmoil and excitement no one is so calm and collected as the General's widow. Who else, indeed, shall establish the hospital by the fires in the lee of the sand dunes? Who but her old soldiers shall be the stretcher-bearers, and who but they her willing orderlies eager to do her bidding—running post to the village for blankets and stimulants, marshalling the doctors, confiscating the available supplies of the life-saving station, and ready to turn carts and phaetons into ambulances, every old boy a provost marshal in himself, sworn into the service of the tall quiet lady wearing the black ulster over the dainty spring costume?

The incomparable lady of the General, pupil of the revered master who still lies alone on the hill, putting into practice the old lessons of the camp, decorating his memory with the substance of brave deeds, as she has just strewn his grave with the symbol of flowers.

The battle is over. The dead and the wounded are coming rapidly into the field hospital, tenderly borne by the practised old stretcher-bearers. A few have come ashore safely by the running rigging over the rope; but alas! more have been thrown up by the surf, beaten and mangled by the timbers of the breaking ship.

In the light of the flaring fires the unconscious, the dying, and the dead are gathered on the sand, the nurses and doctors busy with their ministrations. The tall lady of the General, mistress of every detail, is moving gently from group to group through the smoke, calling each of her veteran assistants by name, while the remnant of her old soldiers is posted in an impassable cordon to keep back the idle crowd of lookers-on.

One after another, with incredible labor, the half-drowned have been revived, broken limbs have been set, and the unhappy victims borne away through the summer night to comfortable quarters in the village.

Bodies are yet to be recovered from the waves, but only bodies. The gray banner of the coming day is already streaming above the pitiless sea, paling the light of the fires, and rendering more ghastly the scenes behind the sheltering dunes. The lady of the General shows no signs of fatigue and no abatement of energy, as constant to her self-imposed duty as her old guard, silhouetted damp and chilly against the morning.

Besides the hopelessly dead, covered tenderly from sight, there is but one remaining tenant of the hospital, the battered and wounded form of a grizzled old man, now showing faint signs of consciousness. The doctors are at work again, and the lady of the General bends over the old body, watching hopefully the returning sparks of life, and feeling that her long vigil is nearly at end, and that she can soon dismiss her faithful guard, for whom she feels more solicitude than for herself. More stimulants are administered. She bends down and raises the old head, bolstering it up with a roll of blankets, and sees the closed eyes open and shut again. Thank God, in his goodness, it is only a question of time! When the eyes reopen, she is chafing one cold hand between her warm palms. The patient makes a weak effort to move, and utters a snarling groan, delightful to the ear of the doctor. Then the doctor redoubles his efforts, vigorously rubbing and slapping the patient's sound leg. With persistent effort he has drawn off the sodden boot, to find—a leg of *cork!*

"That beats the record," cried the exhausted medical man.

"Shut up!" growled the patient. And then, his eyes resting on the lady, and his crooked fingers closing around her hand, "Jack's Emily, by G—!"

And then she recognizes Colonel Robert ——, C.S.A., dearest friend of the General, and what should she do at last but break down in a flood of tears!

"Call in the guard, Emily," said the old man; "the fight's over. I want t' see—a United—States—soldier once more."

Then the old veterans come trooping around the dying Colonel, C.S.A., their dumb eyes full of sympathy.

Clinging with his left hand to the hand of Emily, widow of his dearest old friend, he stretches his right to the nearest old soldier, grasping with all his poor power.

"Comrades," said the Colonel, "you—were born on—the right—side. For God's sake—boys—old boys—stand shoulder—to—shoulder—for the—old flag. God bless you! Emily—Jack's—Emily—I'm—going—lay—me—by—Jack."

And so the two officers of the old army sleep shoulder to shoulder at last, in the village by the sea, watched over by the dearest friend of both, and yearly strewn with roses and flowers of the magnolia and orange.

FIRE DRILL AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

No exercise is more enjoyed by the strong-bodied, quick-limbed, bright-minded youngsters of our Naval Academy than fire drill. It is characteristic of their profession, and calls into play many of the best qualities demanded by the exigencies of sea life. Indeed, the sailor and fireman have much in common—are a little more than kind, a little less than kin. The drill, therefore, appeals with singular fascination to the brain and brawn of these embryo admirals. It spurs and encourages with the emulation of an athletic competition; it is a release to the normal tension of a tautened spring; and it is free from the restraining limits of formations which are purely military; in it the cadet is more of an individual, less of a mere number, and in it he is given a chance at initiative.

When the signal is made—often unexpectedly—the steam fire-engine, the hose-cart, the hook-and-ladder truck, are seized with a fervor and brought into action with a rush and a swing and a go not unlike the ardent dashing of old-time sailors over the netted bulwarks when hands were called to board the enemy. The location of the fire is indicated both by conventional signal and by word of mouth—passed somewhat noisily, it must be confessed—and then sometimes, mindless even of the trim lawns and bridle-paths, though usually by the broad roads, the brigade dashes fireward. The ladders are shot upward, and a dozen youngsters grip the rungs and swing their lithe bodies in a hot contest for the top; the hose are unreeled, run out, coupled; the steam-engine, manned, of course, and worked by the cadets, rattles and wheezes and puffs with quickening beat, and in a time that would be considered fairly good even by our own superb department in New York, the streams are pouring on the fire, both from the engines and from the lines of water-passers. Under arms and forming a cordon to protect public property and prevent intrusion, marine sentries are assembled; and near at hand, directing the exercise, is that awe-inspiring official the Commandant of Cadets; for if time and manners have not changed, this is his own especial function.

Watching the drill with a pleasurable curiosity are many visitors to the Academy, notably those flocks of pretty girls who make the lawns and groves and pleasant walks of the old school so attractive in these leafy days of spring. When the fire is said to be put out, the hose are reeled, the ladders stowed, and drag-ropes manned, and more quietly, but yet with a vigor telling of latent strength, the procession winds through the lime-crushed roadways homeward. It makes a pretty picture in the light of the late afternoon, of white and blue uniforms, of shining machinery, and of blithe and sturdy American lads who are leading a life of profitable work and of high purpose. For it is ever the mission of the school to teach these young sailor-men the responsibility that must come to them in the future, and the duty they owe to the flag they salute so loyally every day.

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

THE PERSIAN TOBACCO STRIKE.

BY EDWIN MUNSELL BLISS.

THE news that the Persian government has declined the loan of £500,000 offered by the Russian government to meet the indemnity due to the stockholders in the Tobacco *régie*, and has decided to seek the needed supplies in England, closes one of the most peculiar episodes in Oriental diplomacy.

For several years the pressure for money at the Persian capital has been steadily increasing. Nasr-ed-din Shah has found that modern improvements, such as railways, electric lights, an improved army, etc., are expensive luxuries. Taxes, already heavy, did not yield all the advance that was required, and some means must be found for raising additional revenue. At the same time Europeans of every nationality were pouring in with all sorts of propositions for enriching not only themselves, but the Persians, through concessions of every conceivable kind. Unfortunately every proposition entailed the necessity of foreign superintendence and the influx of a horde of men whose very touch was pollution to the Shiahs, whom heresy, as is its wont, had made more careful of ceremonial defilement than their orthodox neighbors, the Sunni Turks. One proposal after another was negatived as involving too much risk of popular disturbance. But necessity, on the one hand, and importunity, on the other, at last carried the day, and last summer a company of English investors secured the concession for a tobacco monopoly. If any qualms attended the final drawing up of the deed, they were effectually stifled, and arrangements were rapidly perfected.

The tobacco industry in Persia is on a par with potato culture in Ireland. The distinctively Persian tobacco, called *tembeki*, is grown chiefly in the region of Shiraz, but the more common *tutun* is cultivated all over the empire. There is not a section where it is not found, and there is scarcely a farmer that has not a larger or smaller plot which he cultivates for his own use, and to sell in the market of the nearest town or village; while even the ordinary laborer, if only he possesses a few feet of garden soil, raises enough stalks to supply his chibouk. The sale is absolutely free. The producer pays his land-rent to his local khan, or landlord, but knows no such thing as a government tax. The dealer buys of the producer, pays export and transit dues to the provinces, but sells where he pleases, and at whatever price he can get. The monopoly changed all this. Not only the dealers, but the producers, the farmer, the gardener, even the peasants, were obliged to report to the agents of this foreign company. More than that, the dearest privilege of every Oriental—the right to bargain in prices—was taken away. Henceforth each little bundle was to have a mark signifying the quality and price of the precious commodity, and from this there was to be no appeal.

It is scarcely surprising that there was commotion throughout the empire. It would have been difficult for the Shah to promulgate a decree that would so vitally affect the interests of every section of his subjects. The chavarda urging his slow mules among the wastes of Irak, or threading the tremendous passes leading to Barfurush and Bushire; the faithful pilgrim carrying his dead to Kerbela; the soldier standing guard at Sultanabad; the noble khan reclining on a carpet from Sihna by his fountain, and complacently watching his stained fingers and toes between the gurgles of his narghileh; the shopkeeper in the bazar; the travelling fakir regaling himself with his kaliun while waiting for the crowd to gather and listen to his fables about Rustem; the mollahs in their mosques, and the mushteheds in their shrines; women in the harems; boys on the streets; Persians, Kurds, Nestorians, Jews, Armenians—not a man, woman, or child from the Zagros to the Caspian, from the Aras to Beloochistan, but felt the pressure of the change.

Arrangements once completed, the experiment was first tried at Teheran, where the Kajar rule is strongest. There was grumbling, but no open resistance. Then Hamadan, and little by little the whole of eastern Persia, were brought into line. Officials breathed easier. But the crucial test came when orders were sent throughout Azerbeijan, and Tabriz was instructed to accord to the new law. The north of Persia is Tatar, the south and east are Persian; and much of the old Tatar blood, not so unlike the Saxon of Europe, still remains. There, too, is the strength of the Babis, and the Syeds of that whole section care little for the rule of Teheran. The first to question obedience was the heir to the throne himself, the governor of the province. He gave no open orders, but little by little it became known that he did not agree with his royal father. The mollahs, always anxious for a pretext to stir opposition to the foreigner, commenced to form in cliques. Difficulties, such as only an Oriental knows how to raise, and which might furnish points to an obstructionist in London or Washington, were met by the monopoly on every hand. The opposition increased. One plan after another was concocted, until at last the mushteheds—high-priests of Islam—bethought themselves of a tobacco strike. Not a narghileh or kaliun should be lighted, not a cigarette be rolled, or a chibouk be filled. It should be one perpetual Ramazan (without the night orgies) until Nasr-ed-Din should realize that Islam would not bow to the infidel. Accordingly the decree went forth. It was published from the mosques and in the market-places, was discussed in palace and hovel, in the bazar, and on the road, by Kurd, Ali, Ilahee, Babi, and Yezidee. The Armenians, Nestorians, and Jews were not affected, yet even they prudently abstained in public, lest the curling smoke should stir resentment in the Moslem mind, which might not be too careful where it found its vent. Trade was at a standstill. The tobacco-dealers sat desolate, and how could any bargain be consummated without its baptism in smoke? Few thought of disobedience, or, if they did, prudently kept their thoughts to themselves, and transgressed, if at all, in private. The clearness of the Persian sky was only equalled by the murkiness of the political and social atmosphere.

At last there came a break. A mob attacked the palace of the Emin-i-Sultan, or Minister of Finance. In turn the Shah gave orders that the concessions for internal trade should be revoked, and the syndicate be confined to export privileges. The mushtehed at Kum was besought to revoke his order, and declare the strike off.

But no, the mollahs would have all or nothing. The Shah did his best, but he was, in truth, powerless, and in due time

the whole concession was revoked. Word went to Kum, the strike was off, and Persia smoked once more.

Then arose another difficulty. The syndicate had had experience of Oriental concessions. This very result had not been entirely unexpected, indemnity clauses had been carefully inserted in the agreement, and Persian finance found itself face to face with the problem of raising half a million pounds to meet the expenditures of the syndicate and the loss of revenue to the stockholders. It would seem no slight task. Persian ingenuity, however, proved equal to the emergency. The final resort of all Oriental diplomacy is the mutual jealousy on the part of England and Russia, which is as well understood in Teheran as in Constantinople. Soon there was telegraphed all over the world the news that Russia had nobly volunteered to help Nasr-ed-din out of his dilemma, would loan him the half-million, and would be content with a supervision of the customs for a return. Immediately London was alarmed. That meant restriction of English trade, and the papers were loud in their condemnation of the tardiness of British diplomacy. Downing Street said little in public, but argued in private, and the result is that the loan is being raised in London instead of St. Petersburg. Again English diplomacy has triumphed, and Persia keeps for the time being her independence. From the Persian stand-point the strike was successful, and furnishes to social as well as to political students an interesting chapter in Oriental history.

CAMP ECHOES.

See illustration on page 512.

"Rally round the flag, boys! Give it to the breeze!"
Bless the dear old fiddle that wakes the gallant air.
Once we thundered it in chorus like the booming of the seas,
Wives and sweethearts joining in, with an "Amen" to the prayer.

We're a lot of grizzled fellows, not so much to look at now!
Young and full of vigor when the war began,
Some behind the counter, and some behind the plough,
But we rallied for the country, enlisted to a man.

Counting not the cost, boys! Never sordid aims
Dimmed our record, hasting to the conflict's brunt.
Each to serve the nation, we answered to our names,
And the flag before us, we hurried to the front.

Can't you see it waving, the banner of our love,
Where the Shenandoah loops and twists like mad?
Can't you hear the shouting, the dying groans above,
When we'd won a battle, and—lost the best we had?

Blessings on the music of "Tramp, tramp, tramp!"
How it rang its challenge down the serried lines,
Cheered us when, like hounds a-leash, we strained through days in camp,
Or crashed, with Sherman's storm-cloud, through Georgia's solemn pines.

Here, like useless hulks, boys, we doze the days away—
Doze and dream and spin our yarns; but when we come to die,
Lights out, some true hand for us let "taps" the last time play,
Then wrap the flag about us in the bed where last we lie.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SOLDIERS' SONGS.

BY MARY A. CRAIG.

The ball—well, perhaps it was not strictly a ball, but the dance at least was very lively. There were plenty of men and plenty of pretty girls. The room was large and well shaped, the crash was smooth and firm, and the music was good. The player was the German governess of the family at whose house the ball was given—a well-to-do English family. The second quadrille had come to an end, and the couples who had been dancing were walking about the room. Among them there was one pair, noticeable on account of the peculiar contrast they presented—the man being a dark, almost swarthy, Highland Scotsman, and the girl a perfect blonde. She was wonderfully fair, with a transparent complexion, and hair of the palest flaxen hue, the lights of which were silvery, not golden. She was carefully rather than well dressed in white; her toilet gave the impression that she had been dressed by some one else, and had been only a passive recipient of their attentions. She was listening to her companion, and said very little, just enough to keep the conversation alive.

A waltz followed the quadrille, and at the sound of the first bars of the introduction an old gentleman who was sitting by the lady of the house exclaimed: "Why, that's the 'Soldaten-Lieder'—Gungl's 'Soldaten-Lieder'! I haven't heard it since I left Russia, more than thirty years ago. Who is it that is playing?"

"Fräulein Schwäber, my daughter's governess," answered the hostess. "She has been with us a very long time. She is an excellent teacher, and a wonderful musician."

"She must have been very handsome?" said the gentleman.

"Yes. She has a portrait of herself which is quite lovely."

Meanwhile, the couples who were waltzing came sweeping by the low couch where the speakers were sitting, one after another. The fair girl was dancing with a rather middle-aged man, who waltzed extremely well, though in an old-fashioned style. The girl danced beautifully, though in an automatic sort of fashion.

"Do look at Grice," said the gentleman who had remarked upon the music. "I didn't know he could dance."

"Dr. Grice? Oh yes! he dances very well, but he won't dance with everybody. He says Miss Loring dances better than any girl in London."

"She is American, is she not?"

"Yes. She has come abroad on purpose to consult Dr. Grice. Her mother is with her, but has not come to-night. The girl has some nervous malady or other. The doctor is a specialist for the nerves, you know."

Meantime this conversation was proceeding between Dr. Grice and his patient:

"What was Grant-Campbell saying to you? Your eyes have an expression I don't at all approve of," said he.

"Oh," answered the girl, "he was telling me stories about second-sight. They are most extraordinary, are they not—those tales of second-sight?"

"H'm! Not at all the right sort of conversation for you. I wish he had talked of something else."

"I liked it very much," said the girl.

"No sign it was good for you," growled the doctor. "Come along;" and they started off again.

The music rose and fell with that smooth sweeping cadence that Germans give to dance music, and the dancers followed its lead. There were not many couples, but there were enough to make the dance gay and animated. Dr. Grice and his patient stopped again. He had a way of waltzing exactly five times round, and then stopping; people had often rallied him on it, even when he was young, and had breath enough to keep up all night if he liked, but he continued to do it all the same. This time he stopped near the piano.

Miss Loring stood with her hand inside his arm, looking at Fräulein Schwäber's hands as they moved swiftly over the piano keys. Suddenly she raised her eyes.

"Who is that gentleman who has just come in?" she asked.

"What's he like?" said the doctor.

"He is very handsome; tall and dark—foreign-looking; in evening dress, of course; he looks somehow out of the fashion. I can't say exactly how. I don't know why he does not move. He stands close to the piano, and doesn't seem to see any one. It is very strange."

The doctor did not reply to his partner's speech. He turned round and looked scrutinizingly into her face, then followed the direction of her eyes—still in silence.

"He looks very unhappy," continued the girl. "He is quite pale, and his face looks worn and set. I wonder who he is? How strange it is that he does not move!"

Still the doctor did not speak.

Miss Loring's eyes were fixed and dilated. She went on talking in a dreamy tone, as if to herself: "No one seems to see him, not even Fräulein Schwäber, though she is looking straight at him and he is looking at her. No one seems to run against him either, though he is right in the way."

"I don't see any one," muttered the doctor; "but then I've my weak glasses on. So stupid of me to forget the others just to-night. What is he like?" he said to his partner.

"He is tall—more than six feet, I should think. He is very slight, but looks strong and active. He is dark, and has very bright eyes, which are a very strange color. Doesn't Balzac talk of golden eyes? His eyes are golden eyes. He has a long mustache, red at the ends, and very close-cropped black hair. There is a deep dimple in his chin. He wears one stud—a black pearl. His waistcoat is satin, not cloth; that is what makes him look old-fashioned, I think, and he has white gloves too, which people don't wear in these days. I wish he would move, it makes me nervous to see him stand so still."

"Let's go on again," said the doctor. "The waltz will not last much longer, and it is a pity to waste the music."

The girl complied, but she seemed almost unconscious of what she was doing, and kept turning her head in the direction of the piano. The waltz, which had been winding up for several bars, came to an end. Miss Loring turned paler than ever.

"Why, he's gone!" she exclaimed. "He isn't there at all."

For answer the doctor drew her arm through his own, and led her into another room.

"Sit still here," he said, drawing a low chair away from the light, "until I bring you some *consommé*. You are not going home to-night, are you?"

"No, I am going to sleep here," she answered, in the same dreamy tone in which she had spoken all along.

The doctor brought her the *consommé*, and watched her drink it; then he sat down beside her on another chair, and looked at her quietly and steadily. Her head dropped against the chair back; she folded her hands in her lap, and remained quite quiet for a few minutes; then she lifted her head, and looked around.

The lady of the house came in at the door with a rather perplexed expression on her face. "Julia Carling," she said, "could you kindly play this polka for us? Fräulein says she is tired, and must rest. She will begin again when this dance is over. It was she who asked me to ask you to play."

"Yes, go," said the doctor; "it will be just the thing for you."

The girl rose obediently, and went to the piano. She played extremely well, but her playing had, like her dancing, something mechanical and automatic about it. None the worse was it, perhaps, for that to dance to.

Fräulein Schwäber was nowhere to be seen.

"I hope she is not really ill," said the hostess. "Julia Loring will have to sleep in her room to-night; there is no other place for her. She and the Fräulein are great friends, and it was the Fräulein's own idea keeping her here to-night her mother not having been able to bring her."

The doctor listened rather absently. He seemed to be absorbed in thought, though he now and then moved his head in time to the music, which was heard in fitful gusts from the other room.

"How well Miss Loring plays!" said Mr. Grant-Campbell to his partner.

"For dancing, yes. She is too cold for any other kind of playing."

"I should not have supposed that she was cold," said the gentleman. "She seemed quite enthusiastic to me."

"About some things she is," was the answer. "Anything weird or supernatural always wakes her up directly. And I heard you telling her something about second-sight. I was on tenter-hooks, do you know, for I know her mother and Dr. Grice don't want her to talk of such things." The speaker was one of the daughters of the house.

When Julia Loring ceased playing, she went up to her hostess, asking "if she should go and look for Fräulein Schwäber." Receiving an answer in the affirmative, she started off in the direction of the school-room at the end of a corridor which ran the whole length of the house. She found the German lady alone in the large bare room sitting by the dying fire, with her eyes fixed on the burning coals.

Julia sat down on a stool at her feet. "Will you come back," she said, "dear Fräulein?"

"Yes," answered the other. "But they will be going to supper now, and I can stay here a little longer. But you mustn't stay, dear child. Go back to the ballroom now."

"No; I shall stay with you. You know I never take supper; and the doctor brought me some *consommé*."

"I am to have something here while the others are at supper," said the Fräulein. (They were talking German all this time, which the American girl spoke with fluency.)

The school-room maid soon made her appearance with Fräulein's supper, and some cold fowl and champagne for Miss Loring. "Which the doctor, miss, 'e sent it; and 'e sez, sez he, you're to take it, hevery bit of it—that's what you're to do." After this, Maria left the two ladies to themselves.

They did not talk much at first; but after a while they slipped into a quiet interchange of thoughts, such as many people might envy for its perfect freedom and complete confidence. They talked, however, of all things except the one subject that was uppermost in both their minds—the "Soldaten-Lieder."* When the time came for Fräulein Schwäber to return to the ballroom, Julia said, "I think I will go back the other way; the corridor is rather cold." So she made her way back by the room into which Dr. Grice had taken her after their waltz. To her surprise she found him sitting there in the same place as if he had never left it. She thanked him for having sent her her supper.

"What was the matter with the Fräulein?" he asked.

"She said that she was tired," said Julia.

"No wonder," said the doctor. "Playing the whole evening long like that!"

"But I think there was something else," said Julia Loring. "She often plays a whole evening through without being tired. I mean to ask her, when I get her alone, what it really was."

"Here comes your partner," said the doctor.—"Don't let her get too tired"—this to the young, very young man of the house, who had come to take Miss Loring to her place in the cotillon.

This function lasted until four o'clock, and when it was over, Julia and Fräulein Schwäber went off to bed without waiting for the rest. The Fräulein had made up a bed for herself on a sofa, and given her bed to the young girl. As often happens in these cases, both the ladies were too tired to sleep. After the light was out, they both lay preternaturally still, each afraid of disturbing the other. The stillness was broken by a sob, followed by a burst of grief, from the usually calm and stately German lady.

"Fräulein, dear Fräulein!" cried Julia, springing up and clasping her friend in her arms. Ottilie clung to her convulsively, hiding her eyes on her shoulder. After a while her sobs grew less frequent, and she got back her voice.

"I am so sorry," she said, "to have disturbed you, but if you knew what I have been suffering this night. I have been living over again the saddest hours I ever knew. I must tell you about it, though I know you ought to be asleep, but we can lie as late as we like in bed to-morrow."

"Please, dear Fräulein, do tell me."

"Well, my dear, you know, for I have told you, who I was, and how my father died and left us with no more money than was sufficient to support my mother and educate my younger sisters. Fortunately, they both married and are happy. But I—it is of no use putting it off—I was engaged before my father died to a young gentleman of a noble house, whose family were very unwilling that he should marry me, as I am not noble. I say engaged, not betrothed; no ceremony had passed between us. His family continuing their opposition, he broke with them entirely, and was left to his own resources. He drew extremely well—I have shown you the picture he made of me—and it was proposed to him that he should accompany an expedition into one of the wildest districts of the East, in the position of artist and illustrator. The pay offered was high. He had no other prospect, and he accepted the post. But before he left, he was determined, he said, to take leave of civilization. So he went to all the balls which were given in our coterie. Partly, I think, because he knew his family objected strongly to his frequenting *bürgerlich* houses. The last ball at which we danced together was a splendid one, at which Gungl's famous orchestra was playing. We danced—oh, how we danced! Especially a certain waltz to the music of the 'Soldaten-Lieder'—the waltz I was playing to-night. I don't know how I came to play it. I hardly ever do, but my fingers ran into it somehow. While I was playing, the whole scene came before me again. The ballroom, the lights, myself in my white dress, with forget-me-nots just like the one you were wearing to-night, and Otto (he was Otto, and I am Ottilie) with his long mustache and his strange gold-colored eyes, and even the single black pearl stud he always wore."

"Ah!" cried Julia.

"What is it, dear?" asked Ottilie.

"I will tell you when you have finished your story," answered the girl.

"Well, to be brief, I never saw Otto after that evening. He said farewell to me that night; he went away early the next morning, and the whole expedition perished, and Otto with the rest. But to-night, while I was playing that waltz, he seemed to be beside me. I could have said I felt his breath on my cheek."

"He was there," said Julia. "I saw him."

"You saw him? What do you mean?"

"I saw him. You know that I am here to be cured of a nervous illness, but you do not know that the most serious symptom of that illness is what the doctors, all but Dr. Grice, that is, call 'spectral illusions.' They have dosed me for one thing, and drenched me for another, and pounded me for something else; but the spectral, whatever they are, still keep coming. I am sure they are *not* illusions. Dr. Grice gives them no name at all; and to-night when I asked him who your Otto was, for I thought he was simply a strange gentleman who had come in, he neither contradicted me nor laughed at me, but just listened to me."

"And you say you saw—"

"I saw a tall young gentleman, with short-cut black hair and long mustaches, with bright eyes that looked like golden velvet."

Ottilie began to cry again; then she said, hurriedly, "Did you see the dimple in his chin?"

"Yes; and I saw that he wore a satin waistcoat, and a single black pearl stud. He stood quite still beside the piano; never moved, however near the people came to him, and when the music stopped, he was gone. I suppose I was excited. Mr. Grant-Campbell had been telling me stories of second-sight; so I was *sensitive*, as they call it."

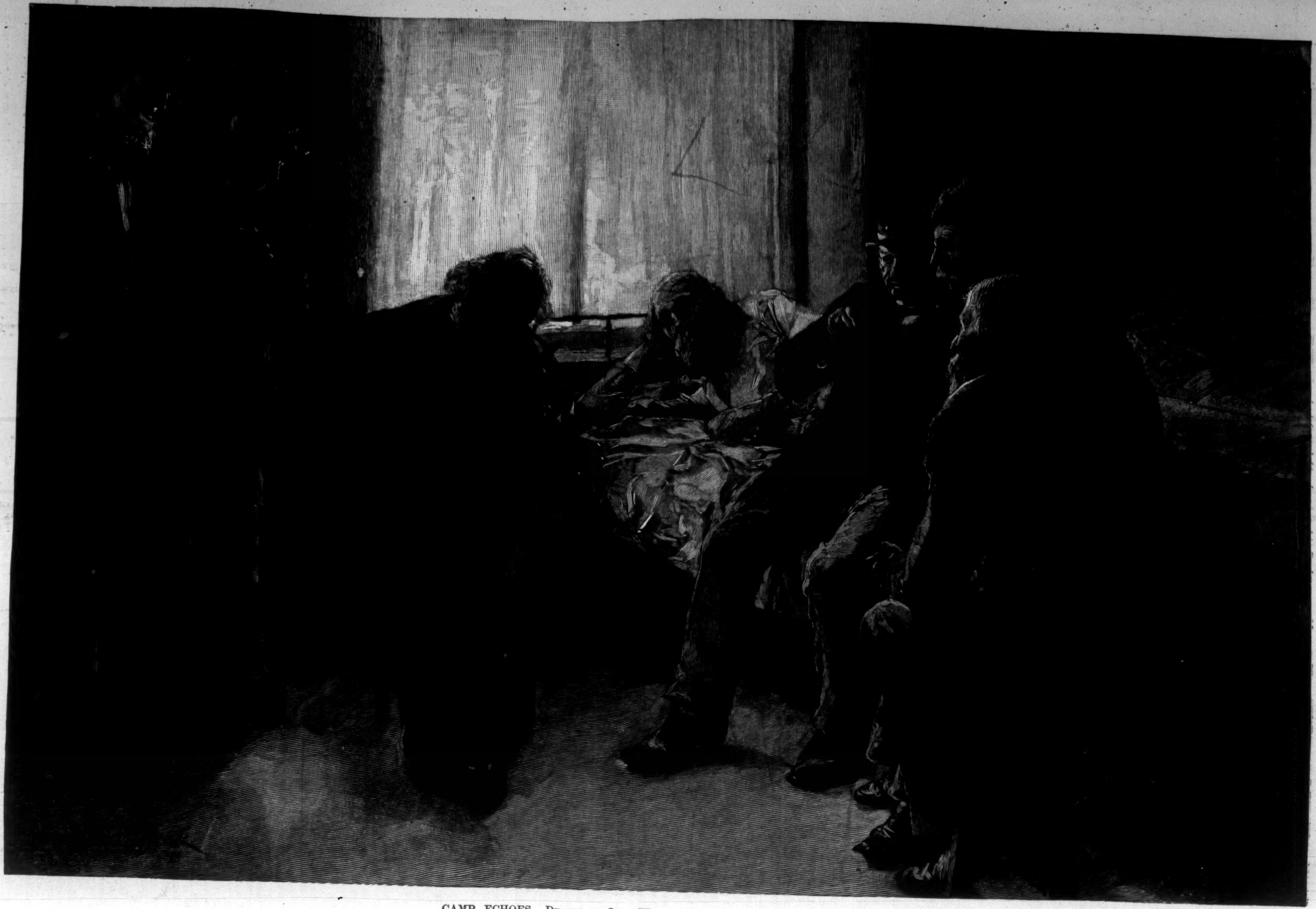
"Then he was really there," murmured Ottilie. "I wish I had seen him!"

"Perhaps you will dream of him," said Julia.

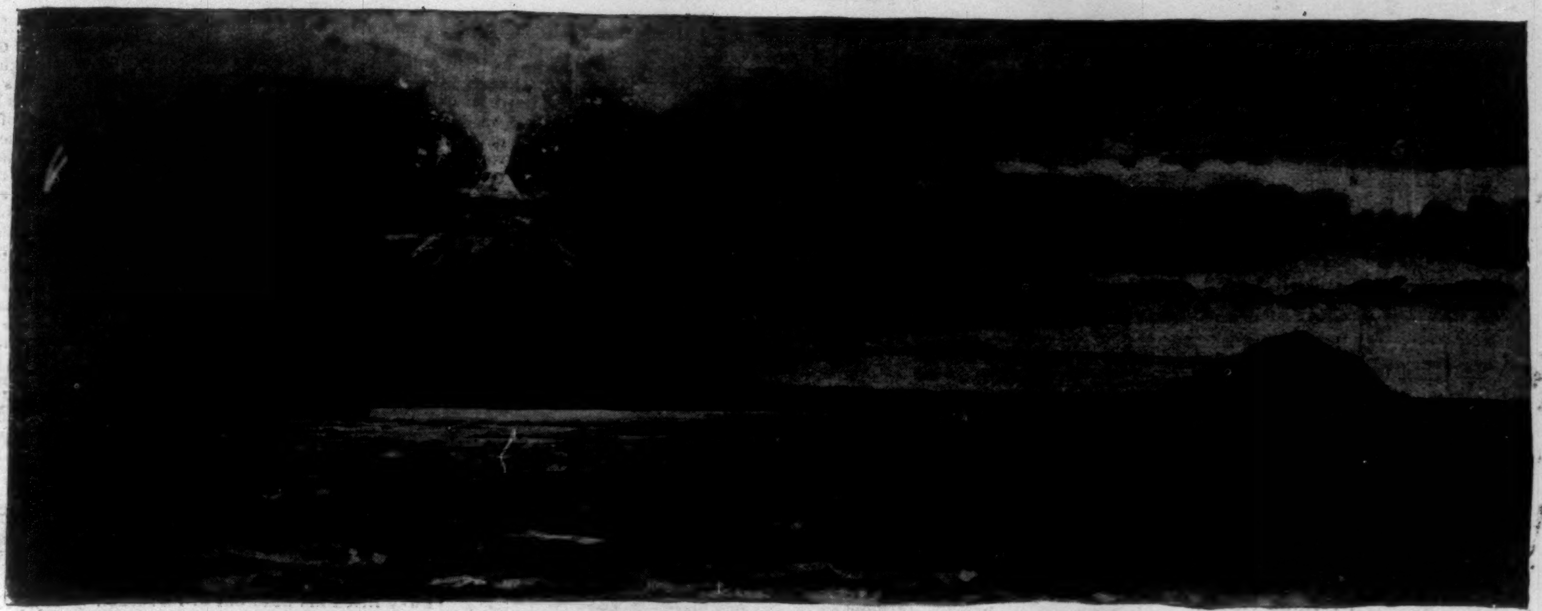
"I have never dreamed of him once. I hardly ever dream at all. But now, perhaps, I may."

They were growing sleepy; the birds were chirping outside; the night was over. Before the sun was fully risen they were both asleep, Ottilie with the tears not dry upon her eyelashes.

* "Soldier Songs."



CAMP ECHOES.—Drawn by Otto Walter Beck.—[See Poem on Page 511.]



NIGHT ON LAKE NICARAGUA.

EL VOLCAN OMETEPE.

BY W. NEPHEW KING, JUN.,
[LATE] UNITED STATES NAVY.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. SNYDER.

IN the very heart of the great Isthmian forest the waters of a vast inland sea sparkle like a bed of precious stones. From the centre rises a volcanic peak which seems to pierce the clear tropic sky above. The waters are those of Lake Nicaragua; the volcanic peak is that of Ometepe.

More than once, on the way to Granada, I had longed to solve the mysteries of this lofty crater and learn the secrets of the hidden fires. The old legend of the mountain, still believed by the simple-minded natives living at Muygalpa, added a glint of romance. To one fresh from the noise and tumult of a busy world, it was the single green spot in a desert, cool as a breath of the "trades." This is the story as told me by an old Indian, whose home lay hidden among the mango-trees at the foot of the great volcano.

"Ometepe," he began, "is a mountain of gold in the centre of which lies the enchanted city of Incanto. The streets and huts are all of burnished gold, and a hideous old woman presides over the destinies of the volcano. In appearance this strange being is not unlike the Witch of Masaya, of whom the chronicler Oviedo wrote, 'She was old and wrinkled; her hair was thin, her teeth sharp, her eyes fiery, and her skin dark.' Before the conquest the Indians consulted her upon all momentous occasions—whether they should go to war or not; and if they fought, whether they were to conquer or be conquered. If the farmer wanted rain, he offered some sacrifice; if there was an earthquake, the old woman had to be appeased. No council was ever held without her; and as soon as the assembly was over, she went back into the crater, and did not come forth again until another was called. Since the Christians have come into the country, however, she has never left Incanto. You will find cups and plates of the rarest pottery on the side of the crater. They were once filled with meats and fruits and left there to appease the old woman during some violent tempest or earthquake shock.

"The Queen of Incanto," continued the old Indian, "is a beautiful young Costa Rican virgin, who was abducted centuries ago, but is said to possess perpetual youth. At sunrise every Easter morning she still appears on the summit of Ometepe, and bathes herself in one of the many lagoons near the crater. From a golden huacal she pours water over her body, and then arranges her long black hair with a comb of the same material. The old woman has a son, who from time to time rides over the island on a large black horse. He always stops in front of some hut and points towards the mountain. That night there is a death in the family, and he carries away to Incanto the youngest and most beautiful maiden of the household. Sometimes the old woman allows the young Costa Rican to wander over the island at sunset. Her marvellous beauty attracts the young men, and he whom she allows to escort her home never returns to the village."

"HIGHER AND HIGHER WE CLAMBER."

THE OLD WOMAN OF THE VOLCANO.

During Ometepe's period of greatest activity I had the rare good fortune to witness, from the deck of a passing vessel, a most brilliant display of our planet's energy. To one who has never seen a volcanic eruption through the darkness of a tropic night the awful grandeur of such a spectacle is as difficult to describe as would be the perfume of a wild swamp flower. My first view of the mountain was at sunset, after a week's voyage among the dismal marshes of the lower San Juan. As we sailed round the bend of the river, near the old Spanish fort, and entered the lake, the light of the day was fast sinking behind the sharp mountain-peaks of the Cordilleras. A crimson after-glow soon fell over the water. To the north a chain of volcanoes stretched as far as the eyes could reach. To the east lay the mining district of Chontales, and far away to the southward the blue outline of the unknown land of the Guatosos, in Costa Rica. Across the water the lights of the little Indian village of San Miguelito began to twinkle, as our steamer headed for Rivas.

Circling round the apex of the cone was a dark cloud. It grew blacker and denser near the crater, which it seemed to guard as faithfully as the mythical Cerberus might the realms of Pluto. Nature winked, and it was night; for there is no twilight in these latitudes. Soon the black cloud seemed to feel the heat of a fiery furnace. Redder it became as a sound of distant thunder issued from the very bowels of the earth. The ground trembled, and then all was hushed into an oppressive silence.

Soon a thousand forked tongues of flame leaped from the infernal opening into the heavens, carrying in their fiery embrace incandescent stones that could not be raised by any mechanical contrivance known to man. Some of these projectiles exploded in mid-air, and the fragments rolled down the mountain-side like balls of fire. The battle waxed warm. Streams of molten lava wound in serpentine coils round the surface of the cone, carrying death and destruction in their path, and the heavens became so brilliant that one could read on deck.

Such was my introduction to Ometepe, the queen of Central American volcanoes, such the impression it conveyed. Whenever I wish to awaken an emotion of the sublime, or realize the delicate adjustment of forces necessary to sustain life on the surface of our sphere, I have only to recall that night on the lake.

Upon my return from Rivas the natives said, "La montaña se ha apagado" (the mountain has gone out). At last the long-desired investigation seemed feasible. This project was not prompted by idle curiosity, for the correct altitude of the sharp peak was destined to become an important factor in the future survey of the lake and the approaches to Brito on the Pacific. Already the bristling cones of the Mexican volcanoes had served as triangulation points for more than one survey along the coast. With the completion of the interoceanic canal, Ometepe would become a landmark to the fleets of the world. To ascertain the effect of the recent eruption, therefore, and whether or not this mountain would follow the example of other volcanoes and cave in at the top, was a question of no little importance. Chief Engineer Peary and I had endeavored to obtain some slight knowledge of the mountain from the natives. They seemed to know practically nothing about it, however, but began to cross themselves devoutly when the subject of an ascent was mentioned.

(Continued on page 519.)

"NOTHING BUT A THIN CRUST OF LAVA."

THE BATTLE.

THE night had passed, the day had come,
Beam-born, into a cloudless sky;
We heard the rolling of the drum,
And saw the war flags fly.

And noon had crowded upon morn
Ere conflict shook her red locks far,
And blew her brazen battle-horn
Upon the hills of war.

Noon dwindled into dusk—one blot,
Along the west, of phantom suns;
We heard the scream of shell and shot
And booming of the guns.

On batteries, that belched their grape,
We saw the thundering cavalry
Hurl headlong; iron shape on shape
Launch spearlike on and die.

And dusk had settled into night,
Rain-riddled; and I slept again,
To dream of many a bivouac light,
And vast fields heaped with slain.

MADISON CAWEIN.

CAPT'N DAVY'S HONEY-MOON.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEEMSTER," "THE SHADOW OF A CRIME," "SHE'S ALL THE WORLD TO ME," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

SIX days passed as with feet of lead, and Capt'n Davy and Mrs. Quiggin were still in Douglas. They could not tear themselves away. Morning and night the good souls were seized by a morbid curiosity about their servants' sweethearts. "Seen Peggy lately?" Capt'n Davy would say. "I suppose you've not come across Willie Quarrie lately?" Mrs. Quiggin would ask. Thus did they squeeze to the driest pulp every opportunity of hearing anything of each other.

Jenny Crow, with Mrs. Quiggin at Castle Mona, had not yet set eyes on Captain Davy; and Lovibond, with Captain Davy at Fort Ann, had never once seen Mrs. Quiggin. Jenny had said nothing of Lovibond to Nelly, and Lovibond had said nothing of Jenny to Davy.

Matters stood so when one evening Peggy Quine was dressing up her mistress's hair for dinner, and answering the usual question.

"Seen Willie Quarrie, ma'am? Aw, 'deed, yes, ma'am; and it's shocking the stories he's telling me. The Capt'n's making the money fly. Bowls and beer and cards and betting—it's ter'ble, ma'am, ter'ble. Somebody should hould him. He's distracted like. Giving to everybody as free as free. Parsons and preachers and the like—they're all at him, same as flies at a sheep with the rot."

"And what do people say, Peggy?"

"They say fools and their money is quickly parted, ma'am."

"How dare you call anybody a fool, Peggy?"

"Aw, it's not me, ma'am. It's them that's seeing him wasting his money like water through a pitchfork. And the dirts that's catching most is shouting loudest. 'Deed, ma'am, but his conduct is shocking."

"And what do people say is the cause of it, Peggy?"

"Lumps in his porridge, ma'am."

"What?"

"Yes, though, that's what Willie Quarrie is telling me. When a woman isn't running even with her husband they call her lumps in his porridge. Aw, Willie's a feeling lad."

There was a pause after this disclosure, and then Mrs. Quiggin said, in another voice, "Peggy, there's a strange gentleman staying with the Captain at Fort Ann, is there not?"

"Yes, ma'am; Mr. Loviboy."

"What is he like, Peggy?"

"Pepper-and-salt trowis, ma'am, and a morsel of hair on the tip of his chin."

"Tall, Peggy?"

"No, a long wisp'ry man."

"I suppose he helps the Captain to spend his money?"

"Never a ha'po'th, ma'am, 'deed no; but ter'ble onaisy at it, and rigging him constant. But no use at all, at all. The Capt'n's intarmined to ruin hisself. Somebody should just take him and wallop him, ding dong, afore he's wasted all he's got, and hasn't a penny left at him."

"How dare you, Peggy?"

Peggy was dismissed in anger, and Mrs. Quiggin sat down to write a letter to Lovibond. She begged him to pardon the liberty of one who was no stranger, though they had never met, in asking him to come to her without delay. This done, and marked *private*, she called Peggy back and bade her to take the letter to Willie Quarrie, and tell him to give it to the gentleman before the Captain came down to breakfast in the morning.

The day was Sunday, the weather was brilliant, the window was open, and the salt breath of the sea was floating into the room. With the rustle of silk, like a breeze in a pine-tree, Jenny Crow came back from a walk, swinging a parasol by a ring about her wrist.

"Such an adventure!" she said, sinking into a chair. "A man, of course! I saw him first on the Head at the skirts of the crowd that was listening to the Bishop's preaching. Such a manly fellow! Broad-shouldered, big-chested, standing square on his legs like a rock. Dark, of course; and such eyes, Nelly! Brown; no, black-brown. I like black-brown eyes in a man, don't you?"

Captain Davy's eyes were of the darkest brown. Mrs. Quiggin gave no sign.

"Then his dress—so simple! None of your cuffs and ruffs, and great high collars like a cart going for coke. Just a blue serge suit and a monkey-jacket. I like a man in a monkey-jacket."

Captain Davy wore a monkey-jacket. Mrs. Quiggin colored slightly.

"A sailor, thinks I. There's something so free and open about a sailor, isn't there?"

"Do you think so, Jenny?" said Mrs. Quiggin, in a faint voice.

"I'm sure of it, Nelly. The sailor is just like the sea. He's noisy—so is the sea. Liable to storms—so is the sea. Blusters and boils and rocks and reels—so does the sea. But he's sunny too, and open and free and healthy and bracing, and the sea is all that as well."

Mrs. Quiggin was thinking of Captain Davy, and tingling with pleasure and shame, but she only said, falteringly, "Didn't you talk of some adventure?"

"Oh, of course; certainly," said Jenny. "After he had listened a moment, he went on, and I lost sight of him. Presently I went on too, and walked across the Head until I came within sight of Port Soderick. Then I sat down by a great bowlder. So quiet up there, Nelly; not a sound except the squeal of the sea-birds, the boo-oo of the big waves outside, and the plash-ash of the little ones on the beach below. All at once I heard a sigh. At that I looked to the other side of the bowlder, and there was my friend of the monkey-jacket. I was going to rise, but he rose instead, and begged me not to trouble. Then I was vexed with myself, and said I hoped he wouldn't disturb himself on my account."

"You never said that, Jenny Crow?"

"Why not, my dear? You wouldn't have had me less courteous than he was. So he stood and talked. You never heard such a voice, Nelly. Deep as a bell, and his Manx tongue was like music. Talk of the Irish brogue! There's no brogue in the world like the Manx, is there now? Not if the right man is speaking it."

"So he was a Manxman?" said Mrs. Quiggin, with a far-away look through the open window.

"Didn't I say so before? But he has quite saddened me. I'm sure there's trouble hanging over him. 'I've been sailing foreign, ma'am,' said he, 'and I don't know nothing—'"

"Oh, then he wasn't a gentleman?" said Mrs. Quiggin.

Jenny fired up sharply. "Depends on what you call a gentleman, my dear. Now any man is a gentleman to me who can afford to dispense with the first two syllables of the name."

Mrs. Quiggin looked down at her feet. "I only meant," she said, meekly, "that your friend hasn't as much education—"

"Then, perhaps, he has more brains," said Jenny. "That's the way they're sometimes divided, you know, and education isn't everything."

"Do *you* think that, Jenny?" said Mrs. Quiggin, with another long look through the window.

"Of course I do," said Jenny.

"And what did he say?"

"'I've been sailing foreign, ma'am,' he said. 'And I don't know nothing that cuts a man's heart from its moorings like coming home same as a homing pigeon, and then wishing yourself back again same as a lost one.'"

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Quiggin. "He must have found things changed since he went away."

"He must," said Jenny.

"Perhaps he has lost some one who was dear to him," said Mrs. Quiggin.

"Perhaps," said Jenny, with a sigh.

"His mother maybe, or his sister—" began Mrs. Quiggin.

"Yes, or his wife," continued Jenny, with a moan.

Mrs. Quiggin drew up suddenly. "What's his name?" she asked, sharply.

"Nay, how could I ask him that?" said Jenny.

"Where does he live?" said Mrs. Quiggin.

"Or that either?" said Jenny.

Mrs. Quiggin's eyes wandered slowly back to the window. "We've all got our troubles, Jenny," she said, quietly.

"All," said Jenny. "I wonder if I shall ever see him again?"

"Tell me if you do, Jenny?" said Mrs. Quiggin.

"I will, Nelly," said Jenny.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" said Mrs. Quiggin.

As Jenny rose to remove her bonnet she shot a sly glance out of the corners of her eyes, and saw that Mrs. Quiggin was furtively wiping her own.

Meanwhile Lovibond, at Fort Ann, was telling a similar story to Captain Davy. He had left the house for a walk before Davy had come down to breakfast, and on returning at noon he found him immersed in the usual occupation of his mornings. This was that of reading and replying to his correspondence. Davy read with difficulty, and replied to all letters by check. His method of business was peculiar and original. He was stretched on the sofa with a pipe in his mouth, and the morning's letters pigeon-holed between his legs. Willie Quarrie sat at a table with a check-book before him. While Davy read the letters one by one he instructed Willie as to the nature of the answer, and Willie, with his head aslant, his mouth awry, and his tongue in his cheek, turned it into figures on the check-book.

As Lovibond came in, Davy was knocking off the last batch for the day. "'Respected sir,'" he was reading, "'I know you've a tender heart. . . .' Send her five pounds, Willie, and tell her to take that talk to the butchers. 'Honored Captain, we are going to erect a new school in connection with Ballajora chapel, and if you will honor us by laying the foundation-stone. . . .' Never laid a stone in my life 'cept one, and that was my mawther's sink-stone. Twenty pounds, Willie. 'Sir, we are to hold a bazar, and if you will consent to open it. . . .' Bazar! I know; a sort of ould-clothes shop in a chapel, where you're never tooken up for cheating, because you always says your paternosterings afore you begin. Ten pounds, Willie. Helloa, here's Parson Quiggin. Wish the ould devil would write more simpler; I was never no good at the big spells myself. 'Dear David. . . .' That's good. He walloped me out of school once for mimicking his walk—same as a cockatoo esactly. 'Dear David, owing to the la-mentable death of Brother Mylechreest, it has been re-solved to ask you to be-come a member of our com-mittee. . . .' Com-mittee! I know the sort; kind of religious firm where there's three partners, only two of them's sleeping ones. Dirty ould hypocrite! Fifteen pounds, Willie."

This was the scene that Lovibond interrupted by his entrance. "Still bent on spending your money, Captain?" he said. "Don't you see that the people who write you these begging letters are impostors?"

"Coorse I do," said Davy. "What's it saying in the Ould Book? 'Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.' Only, as Parson Howard used to say—bless the ould angel!—'Summat's gone screw with the translation theer, friends; should have been vultures.'"

"Half of them will only drink your money, Captain," said Lovibond.

"And what for shouldn't they? That's what I'm doing," said Davy.

"It's poor work, Captain—poor work. You didn't always think money was a thing to pitch into a ditch."

"Always? My goodness, no!" said Davy. "Time was once when I thought money was just all and Tommy in this world. My gough, yes, when I was a slip of a lad, didn't I?" said he, sobering very suddenly. "The father was lost in a gale at the herrings, and the mawther had to fend for the lot of us. They all went off except myself—the sisters and brothers. Poor things! they wasn't willing to stay with us; and no wonder. But there's mostly an ould person about every Manx house that sees the young ones out, and the mawther's father was at us still. Lame, though, of his legs, with the rheumatics, and wake in his intellec's for all. Couldn't do nothing but lie in by the fire, with his bit of a blanket hanging over his head, same as snow atop of a hawthorn-bush. Just stirring the peats, and boiling the kettle, and lifting the gorse when there was any fire. The mawther weeded for Jarvis Kewley—six pence a day dry days, and four pence all weathers. Middling hard do's, mate. And when she'd give the ould man his basin of broth, he'd be saying, squeaky-like, 'Give it to the boy, woman; he's a growing lad?' 'Chut! take it, man,' the mawther would say; and then he'd be whimpering, 'I'm keeping you long, Liza—I'm keeping you long.' And there was herself making a noise with her spoon in the bottom of a basin, and there was me grinding my teeth, and swearing to myself like mad, 'As sure as the living God, I'll be ruch some day.' And now—"

Davy snapped his fingers, laughed boisterously, rolled to his feet, and said, shortly, "Where've you been to?"

"To church—the church with a spire, at the end of the parade," said Lovibond.

"St. Thomas's. I know it," said Davy.

St. Thomas's was half-way up to Castle Mona.

The men strolled out at the window, which opened on to the warm soft turf of the Head, and lay down there with their faces to the sunlit bay.

"Who preached?" said Davy, clasping hands at the back of his head.

"A young woman," said Lovibond.

Davy lifted his head out of its socket. "My goodness!" he said.

"Well, at all events," explained Lovibond, "it was a girl who preached to *me*. The moment I went into the church I saw her, and I saw nothing else until I came out again."

Davy laughed. "Ay, that's the way a girl slips in," said he. "Who was she?"

"Nay, *I* don't know," said Lovibond. "But she sat over against me, on the opposite side of the aisle, and her face was the only prayer-book I could keep my eyes from wandering from."

"And what was her tex', mate?"

"Beauty, grace, truth, the tenderness of a true heart, the sweetness of a soul that is fresh and pure."

Davy looked up with vast solemnity. "Take care," said he. "There's odds of women, sir. They're like sheep's broth, is women. If there's a heart and head in them they're good, and if there isn't, you might as well be supping hot water. Faces isn't the chronometer to steer your boat to the good ones. Now I've seen some you could swear to—"

"I'll swear to this one," said Lovibond, with an appearance of tremendous earnestness.

Davy looked at him gravely. "D'ye say so?" said he.

"Such eyes, Capt'n—big and full and blue, and then pale, pale blue, in the whites of them, too, like—like—"

"*I* know," said Davy. "Like a blackbird's eggs with the young birds just breaking out of them."

"Just," said Lovibond. "And then her hair, Capt'n—brown—that brown with a golden bloom, as if it must have been yellow when she was a child."

"I know the sort, sir," said Davy, proudly. "Like the ling on the mountains in May, with the gorse creeping under it."

"Exactly. And then her voice, Captain—her voice—"

"So you were speaking to her?" said Davy.

"No. But didn't she sing!" said Lovibond. "Such tones, soft and tremulous, rising and falling, the same as—as—"

"Same as the lark's, mate," said Davy, eagerly—"same as the lark's. First a burst and a mount, and then a trimble and a tumble, as if she'd got a drink of water out of the clouds of heaven, and was singing and swallowing together. I know the sort. Go on."

Lovibond had kept pace with Davy's warmth, but now he paused, and said, quietly, "I'm afraid she's in trouble."

"Poor thing!" said Davy. "How's that, mate?"

"People can never disguise their feelings in singing a hymn," said Lovibond.

"You say true, mate," said Davy; "nor in giving one out, neither. Now, there was old Kinvig. He had a sow once that wasn't too reg'lar in her pigging. Sometimes she gave many, and sometimes she gave few, and sometimes she gave none. She was a hit-and-a-missy sort of a sow, you might say. But you always know'd how the ould sow done by the way Kinvig give out the hymn. If it was six, he was as loud as a clarinet; and if it was one, his voice was like the trambones. But go on about the girl."

"That's all," said Lovibond. "When the service was over, I walked down the aisle behind her, and touched her dress with my hand, and somehow—"

"*I* know," cried Davy. "Gave you a kind of 'lectricity shock, didn't it? Lord alive, mate, girls is quare things!"

"Then she walked off the other way," said Lovibond.

"So you don't know where she comes from?" said Davy.

"I couldn't bring myself to follow her, Capt'n."

"And right too, mate. It's sneaking. Following a girl in the streets is sneaking, and the man that done it ought to be walloped till all's blue. But you'll see her again, I'll go ball, and maybe hear who she is. Rael true women is skess these days, sir; but I'm thinking you've got your flotes down for a good one. Give her line, mate—give her line; and if I wasn't such a downhearted chap myself I'd be helping you to land her."

Lovibond observed that Capt'n Davy was more than usually restless after this conversation, and in the course of the afternoon, while he lay in a hazy doze on the sofa, he overheard this passage between the Captain and his boy:

"Willie Quarrie, didn't you say there was an English lady staying with Mistress Quiggin at Castle Mona?"

"Miss Crows—yes," said Willie. "So Peggy Quine is telling me—a little person with a spy-glass, and that fond of the mistress you wouldn't think."

"Then just slip across in the morning, and spake to herself, and say can I see her somewheres, or will she come here, and never say nothing to nobody."

Davy's uneasiness continued far into the evening. He walked alone to and fro on the turf of the Head in front of the house until the sun set behind the hills to the west, where a golden rim from its falling light died off on the farthest line of the sea to the east, and the town between lay in a haze of deepening purple. Lovibond knew where his thoughts were, and what new turn they had taken; but he pretended to see nothing, and he gave no sign.

Sunday as it was, Capt'n Davy's cronies came as usual at nightfall. They were a sorry gang, but Davy welcomed them with noisy cheer. The lights were brought in, and the company sat down to its accustomed amusements. These were drinking and smoking, with gambling in disguise at intervals. Davy lost tremendously, and laughed with a sort

of wild joy at every failure. He was cheated on all hands, and he knew it. Now and again he called the cheaters by hard name, but he always paid them their money. They forgave the one for the sake of the other, and went on without shame. Lovibond's gorge rose at the spectacle. He was an old gambler himself, and could have stripped every rascal of them all as naked as a lettuce after a locust. His indignation got the better of him at last, and he went out on to the Head.

The calm sea lay like a dark pavement dotted with the reflection of the stars overhead. Lights in a wide half-circle showed the line of the bay. Below was the black rock of the island of the Tower of Refuge, and the narrow strip of the old red pier; beyond was the dark outline of the Head, and from the seaward breast of it shot the light of the light-house, like the glow of a kiln. It was as quiet and beautiful out there as it had been noisy and hideous within.

Lovibond had been walking to and fro for more than an hour, listening to the slumberous voices of the night, and hearing at intervals the louder bellowing from the room where Captain Davy and his cronies were sitting, when Davy himself came out.

"I can't stand no more of it, and I've sent them home," he said. "It's like saying your prayers to a hornpipe, thinking of her, and carrying on with them wastrels."

He was sober in one sense only.

"Tell me more about the little girl in church. Aw, matey, matey! Something under my waistco't went creep, creep, creep, same as a sarpent, when you first spake of her; but it's easier to stand till that jaw inside, anyway. Go on, sir. Love at first sight, was it? Aw, well, the eyes isn't the only place that love is coming in at, or blind men would all be bachelors. Now mine came in at the ear."

"Did you fall in love with her singing, Capt'n?" said Lovibond.

"Yes, did I," said Davy; "and her sp'aking, too, and her whispering as well; but it wasn't music that brought love in at my ear—my left ear it was, matey."

"Whatever was it, then, Capt'n?" said Lovibond.

"Milk," said Davy.

"Milk?" cried Lovibond, drawing up in their walk.

"Just milk," said Davy again. "Come along and I tell you. It was this way. Ould Kinvig kep' two cows, and we were calling the one Whitie and the other Brownie. Nelly and me was milking the pair of them, and she was like a young goat, that full of tricks, and I was same as a big calf, that shy. One evening—it was just between the lights—that's when girls is like kittens, terr'ble full of capers and mischievousness, Nelly rigged up her kopie—that's her milking-stool—agen mine, so that we sat back to back, her milking Brownie and me milking Whitie. 'What she agate of now?' thinks I; but she was looking as innocent as the b'as'es themselves, with their ould solemn faces when they were twisting round. Then we started, and there wasn't no noise in the cow-house but just the cows chewing constant, and maybe the rope running on their necks at whiles, and the rattle of the milk in the pails. And I got to draming same as I was used of, with the smell of the hay stealing down from the loft and the breath of the cows coming puff when they were blowing, and the tits in my hands a-going, when the rattle-rattle aback of me stopped sudden, and I felt a squish in my ear like the syringe at the doctor's. 'What's that?' thinks I. 'Is it deaf I'm going?' But it's deaf I'd been, and blind too, and stupid, for all down to that blessed minute, for there was Nessy laughing like fits and working like mad, and drops of Brownie's milk going trickling out of my ear on to my shoulder. 'It's not deafness,' thinks I; 'it's love;' and my breath was coming and going and making noises like the smithy bellows. So I twisted my wrist and blazed back at her, and we both fired away, ding dong, till the cows was as dry as Kinvig when he was teetotal, and the cow-house was like a snow-storm with a gale of wind through it, and you couldn't see a face at the one of us for swan's-down. That's how Nelly and me 'came engage."

He was laughing noisily by this time, and crying alternately, with a merry shout and a husky croak, "Aw dear! aw dear! the days that was, sir—the days that was!"

Lovibond let him rattle on, and he talked of Nelly for an hour. He had stories without end of her, some of them as simple as a baby's prattle, some as deep as the heart of man, and splitting open the very crust of the fires of buried passion.

It was late when they turned in for the night. The lights on the line of the land were all put out, and save for the reflection of the stars, only the lamps of ships at anchor lit up the waters of the bay.

"Good-night, Capt'n," said Lovibond. "I suppose you'll go to bed now?"

"Maybe so, maybe no," said Davy. "You see, I'm like Kinvig these days, and go to bed to do my thinking. The ould man's cart-wheel came off in the road once, and we couldn't rig it on again nohow. 'Hould hard, boys,' says Kinvig; and he went away home and up to the loft, and whipped off his clothes, and into the blankets, and staid there till he'd got the lay of that cart-wheel. Aw, yes, though—thinking, thinking, thinking constant—that's me when I'm in bed. But it isn't the lying awake I'm minding. Och, no; it's the wakening up again. That's like nothing in the world but a rusty nail going driving into your skull after a blacksmith's seven-pound sledge. Good-night, mate—good-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. BARRY PAIN.*

By the publication of *In a Canadian Canoe*, Mr. Barry Pain at least has established the truth of one popular axiom—that no difference is so hard to reconcile as a difference of taste in jokes. His humor has brought not peace, but a sword—always a token of originality. In reading his book, one has been "taken" and the other quite left; and I know from personal experience how it may divide households, and even estrange editor and contributor. In truth, literary London is divided into Guelph and Ghibelline, and no quarter, all on account of that Canadian canoe.

Londoners who are accustomed to hold their opinions with a comfortable vicariousness must have been sorely puzzled as to whose opinion they should choose—Mr. James Payn's *pro*, or Mr. Andrew Lang's *con*. In their extremity, doubtless, many of them bought copies to read for themselves. Mr. Lang, indeed, grew more serious over the crisis than he has been known to be for some years, and in the heat and pressure of the time his voice quite lost the tone of *badinage* with which he so genially disembowels the minor poet in the columns of the *Daily News*, and he spoke with an eloquence of natural earnestness which had in it something of the uncanny.

Yet he admitted that some unsigned things by Mr. Pain, which he had read unsuspectingly, had amused him. It would be curious to know if one of these was "The Hundred Gates," with which Mr. Pain made his literary début in October, 1889, because, if so, Mr. Lang and Mr. Payn must shake hands, as the said article appeared in the *Cornhill*.

It is seldom that a man's first article sets the editors upon him, but a pleasant result of "The Hundred Gates" was an invitation from Mr. Burnand to its author to write for *Punch*, resulting in Mr. Pain becoming a more or less regular contributor up to the present time. Mr. Pain also about the same time joined *The Speaker*, just about beginning (in 1890), and hardly a number has appeared without its containing either story or article from his pen. It was, indeed, these *Speaker* things that made one look out for the *Canadian Canoe*, which was published as a volume of "The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humor" in August, 1891, and is now nearly at the end of its third edition.

With this volume Mr. Pain became at once prominently before the public, his canoe being wafted on those favoring gales of controversy of which I have spoken. His birth, therefore, so far as it concerns the public—that is, his second birth as an author—took place in August, 1891. However, as nothing matters save the irrelevant, I may as well add that Mr. Pain's private birth happened on September 28, 1864, at Cambridge. He was educated at Sedburgh School, in Yorkshire, and at Corpus Christi, Cambridge, where he obtained a classical scholarship, and took his B.A. in the classical tripos in 1886. From the first he took an active part in the school and 'varsity journalism, but the *Granta*, to which he has since largely contributed, was still unborn. At the same time he had sufficient sense of humor in those school days to take his football far more seriously than his scribbling. Some of Mr. Pain's college verses are to be found in Mr. Whibley's *Cap and Gown*, under the title of "Poets at Tea."

After college Mr. Pain taught classics for a time at an army crammer's at Guildford. At an army crammer's, says Mr. Pain, the great thing is to keep in with the boys, but he managed to keep in with the principals as well, and altogether had a not unpleasant experience, though the work was stiff.

London opening to him, through "The Hundred Gates" referred to, he went there to seek his fortune, spending much time in studying the life of the London artisan, and living for the purpose in a working-man's flat in the poorer district of the S.W., no less characteristic, says Mr. Pain, than Whitechapel. The story of "Bill," a creepy little study of a child's terror of the supernatural, is a memorial of this time, "Pond Buildings" standing for Mr. Pain's lodging. "Bill" belonged to what Mr. Pain called "the background" of his book. Appearing under the somewhat embarrassing label of "a library of wit and humor," Mr. Pain, in self-defence, stated that he had not tried to make it *all* witty and humorous. "I wanted there to be some background. I am not sure that I have not made it *all* background." As "background" is just what we miss in most modern humor, as it forms a kind of reserve strength in all true humor, that little preface was enough to give one confidence in the new writer. And, however we disagreed about the humor, we were mostly of one mind on the often beautiful and imaginative background. But, of course, for the appreciative mind the pleasure was in the peculiar piquant blend of both.

Many, of course, have done the "from grave to gay," but Mr. Pain's transitions, swift and fascinating as the sudden alternations of light and shade on one of those opening and shutting days in summer, were more than that. His "grave" was not a mere dull pause in the crackling of the thorns; it came in gleaming passages of real beauty—the poet's beauty. For Mr. Pain is at least as much a poet as a humorist, which one need hardly say is an extremely rare combination. Such complexity was, of course, the charm of Heine. As a rule, the man who laughs, laughs at everything indiscriminately, a sure sign of his lacking the essential humorous perception. His humor is but a new form of sacrilege, and his life a search for sanctities which he can profane. Love and beauty he is particularly anxious to make absurd. To find a man, therefore, who will laugh in the right place, and who will also dream in the right place, is something to be thankful for.

Perhaps it was just on this account—of his ability to do both—that one elderly cynical humorist was led to despitefully use Mr. Pain's young reputation.

Mr. Pain's "background" consisted mainly of stories from an imaginary book, entitled *The Entertainments of Kapnides*, which one may describe as Greek fairy tales, with a grim under-meaning, a criticism of certain theistical conceptions not confined to Greece, maybe. The gods figure herein as a sort of debased aristocracy, exacting in their ground-rents, with the earth for their deer park. Zeus, an elderly sensualist, the devotee of cruel pleasures. His favorite discussion, for example, is "to play at making orphans."

"The Nine Muses, minus One," also contained *In a Canadian Canoe*, is a collection of similar fairy tales. Perhaps Mr. Pain's special gift is this of an ironical symbolism. At any rate, in his new volume of *Stories and Interludes*, he is about to challenge attention for this more serious side of his Muse.

The volume opens with "The Glass of Supreme Moments," which attracted so much attention on its first appearance in *Black and White*. The "interludes" will consist of verse of a more or less mystical—scientific mystical—nature. The pervading character of the volume will be that fantasy, that dream quality, which is really the foundation of Mr. Pain's humor—and fantasy is a rare thing indeed to-day. One of the best examples of this quality in his first book was "The Celestial Grocery," in which, as always, Mr. Pain gained his effects by his studied matter-of-fact style of narration. The art of writing a piece of fantasy, or of the supernatural, is to write as though it were all natural. The moment you heighten with brimstone and blue lights, the illusion vanishes. You know that the writer is trying to make you believe what he doesn't believe himself, and that is the primary impossibility in fiction. Mr. Pain is probably the first who has made his dream personages talk like real men and women.

R. LE G.

* *Stories and Interludes.* By BARRY PAIN. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1.00. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

VII.—A CIVILIAN AT AN ARMY POST.*

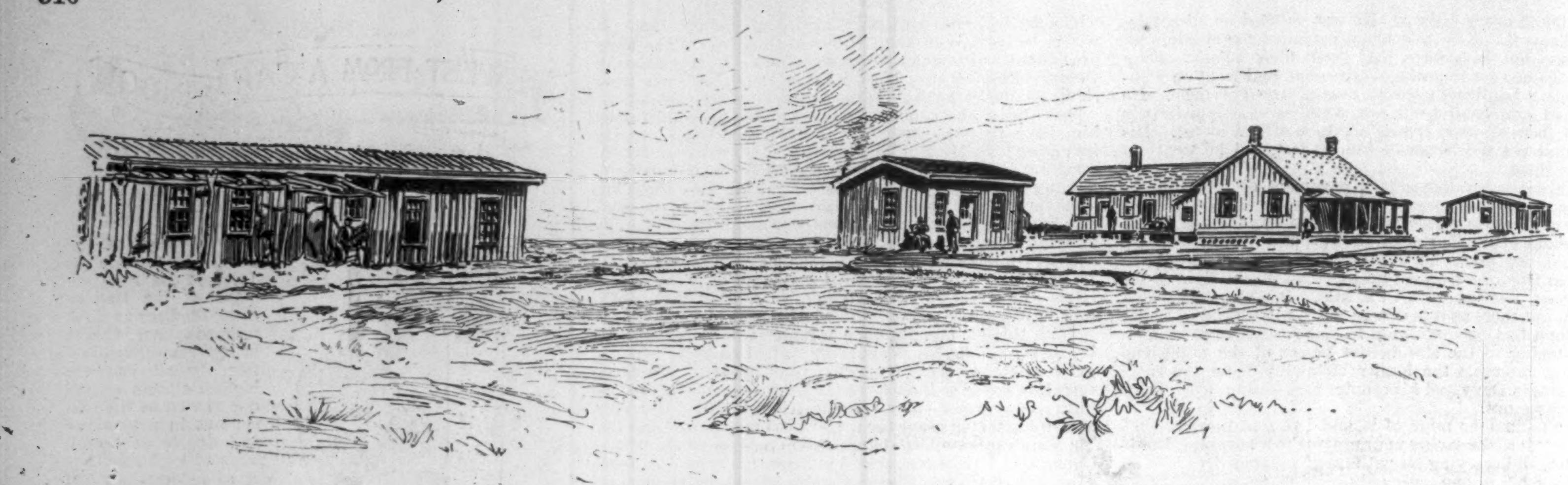
THE army posts of the United States are as different one from another as the stations along the line of a great railroad system. There is the same organization for all and the highest officers govern one as well as the other; but in appearance and degree of usefulness and local rule they are as independent and yet as dependent, and as far apart in actual miles, as the Grand Central Depot in New York, with its twenty tracks and as many ticket windows and oak-bound offices and greatest after-dinner orator, is distant from the section-house at the unfinished end of a road somewhere on the prairie. The commanding officer's quarters alone at Fort Sheridan cost $30,000, and more than a million and a half has been spent on Fort Riley; but there are many other posts where nature supplied the mud and logs for the whole station, and the cost to the government could not have been more than $300 at the most. It is consequently difficult to write in a general way of army posts. What is true of one is by no means true of another, and it will be better perhaps to first tell of those army posts which possess many features in common—eight-company posts, for instance, which are not too large nor too small, not too near civilization, and yet not too far removed from the railroad. An eight-company post is a little town or community of about three hundred people living in a quadrangle around a parade-ground. The scenery surrounding the quadrangle may differ as widely as you please to imagine it; it may be mountainous and beautiful, or level, flat, and unprofitable, but the parade-ground is always the same. It has a flagpole at the entrance to the quadrangle, and a baseball diamond marked out on the side on which the men live, and tennis-courts towards the officers' quarters. When you speak of the side of the square where the enlisted men live, you say "barracks," and you refer to the officers' share of the quadrangle as "the line." In England you can safely say that an officer is living in barracks, but you must not say this of a United States officer; he lives in the third or fourth house up or down "the line."

The barracks are a long continuous row of single-story buildings with covered porches facing the parade. They are generally painted an uncompromising brown, and are much more beautiful inside than out, especially the mess-rooms, where all the wood-work has been scrubbed so hard that the tables are worn almost to a concave surface. The architectural appearance of the officers' quarters on the line differs in different posts; but each house of each individual post, whether it is a double or single house, is alike to the number of bricks in the walls and in the exact arrangement of the rooms. The wives of the officers may change the outer appearance of their homes by planting rose-bushes and ivy about the yards, but whenever they do, some other officer's wife is immediately transferred from another post and "outranks" them, and they have to move further down the line, and watch the new-comer plucking *their* roses, and reaping the harvest she has not sown. This rule also applies to new wall-paper, and the introduction at your own expense of open fireplaces, with blue and white tiles, which will not come off or out when the new-comer moves in. In addition to the officers' quarters and the barracks, there is an administration building, which is the executive mansion of this little community, a quartermaster's storehouse, a guard-house, and the hospital. The stables are back of the barracks, out of sight of those who live facing the parade, and there is generally a rear-guard of little huts and houses occupied by sergeants' wives, who do the washing for the posts, and do it very well. This is, briefly, the actual appearance of an army post—a quadrangle of houses, continuous and one-story high on two sides, and separate and two-stories high on the other two sides, facing the parade, and occasionally surrounded by beautiful country.

The life of an army post, its internal arrangements, its necessary routine, and its expedients for breaking this routine pleasantly, cannot be dealt with so briefly; it is a delicate and extensive subject. It is impossible to separate the official and social life of an army post. The commanding officer does not lose that dignity which doth hedge him in when he and his orderly move from the administration building to his quarters, and it would obviously confuse matters if a second lieutenant bet him in the morning he could not put the red ball into the right corner pocket, and in the evening at dress parade he should order the same lieutenant and his company into the lower right-hand corner of the parade at double-quick. This would tend to destroy discipline. And so, as far as the men of the post are concerned, the official and social life touch at many points. With the women, of course, it is different, although there was a colonel's wife not long ago who said to the officers' wives assisting her to receive at a dance, "You will take your places, ladies, in order of rank." I repeat this mild piece of gossip because it was the only piece of gossip I heard at any army post, which is interesting when one remembers the reputation given the army posts by one of their own people for that sort of thing.

The official head of the post is the commanding officer.

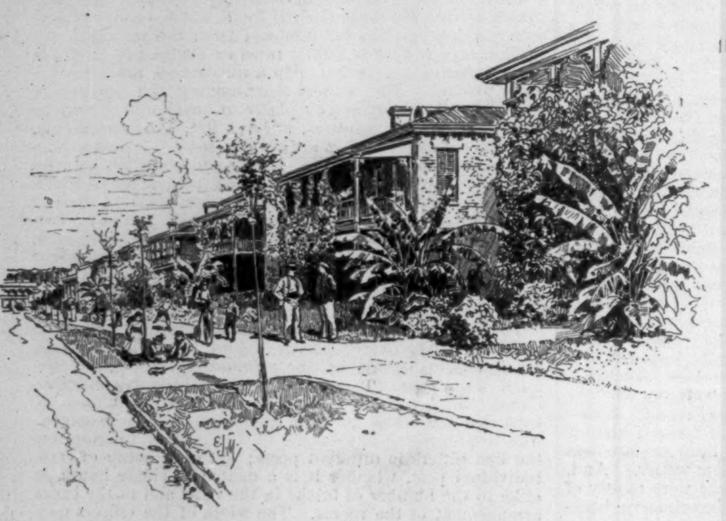
* The first paper of "The West from a Car Window" series, "From San Antonio to Corpus Christi," was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 5, 1892; the second paper, "Our Troops on the Border," in the number for March 26, 1892; the third paper, "At a New Mining Camp," in the number for April 9, 1892; the fourth paper, "A Three-Year-Old City," in the number for April 23, 1892; the fifth paper, "Ranch Life in Texas," in the number for April 30, 1892; the sixth paper, "On an Indian Reservation," in the number for May 14, 1892.



A ONE-COMPANY POST AT OKLAHOMA CITY.

He has under him eight "companies," if they are infantry, or "troops" if they are cavalry, each commanded in turn by a captain, who has under him a first and second lieutenant, who rule in their turn numerous sergeants and corporals. There is also a major or two, two or three surgeons, who rank with the captains, and a quartermaster and an adjutant, who are selected from among the captains or lieutenants of the post, and who perform, in consequence, double duty. The majority of the officers are married; this is not a departmental regulation nor a general order, but it happens to be so. I visited one very large post in which every one was married except one girl, and a second lieutenant, who spoiled the natural sequel by being engaged to a girl somewhere else. And at the post I had visited before this there were ten unmarried and unengaged lieutenants, and no young women. It seems to me that this presents an unbalanced condition of affairs which should be considered and adjusted by Congress even before the question of lineal promotion.

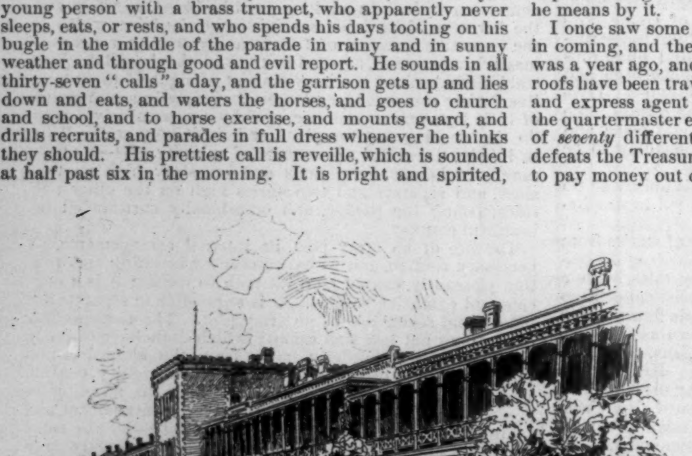
It is true that the commanding officer is supposed to be the most important personage in an army post, but that is not so. He, as well as every one else in it, is ruled by a young person with a brass trumpet, who apparently never sleeps, eats, or rests, and who spends his days tooting on his bugle in the middle of the parade in rainy and in sunny weather and through good and evil report. He sounds in all thirty-seven "calls" a day, and the garrison gets up and lies down and eats, and waters the horses, and goes to church and school, and to horse exercise, and mounts guard, and drills recruits, and parades in full dress whenever he thinks they should. His prettiest call is reveille, which is sounded at half past six in the morning. It is bright and spirited, and breathes promise and hope for the new day, and I personally liked it best because it meant that while I still had an hour to sleep, three hundred other men had to get up and clean cold guns and things in the semi-darkness. Next to the bugler in importance is the quartermaster. He is a captain or a first lieutenant with rare executive ability, and it is he who supplies the garrison with those things which make life bearable or luxurious, and it is he who is responsible to the government for every coat of whitewash on the stables, and for the new stove-lid furnished the cook of N Troop, Thirteenth Cavalry. He is the hardest-worked man in the post, although that would possibly be denied by every other officer in it, and he is supposed to be an authority on architecture, sanitary plumbing, veterinary surgery, household furnishing from the kitchen range to the electric button on the front door, and to know all things concerning martial equipments from a sling belt to an ambulance.



FORT HOUSTON, AT SAN ANTONIO—OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

He is a wonderful man, and possessed of a vast and intricate knowledge, but his position in the post is very much like that of a baseball umpire's on the field, for he is never thanked if he does well, and is abused by every one on principle. And he is never free. At the very minute he is lifting the green mint to his lips, his host will say, "By-the-way, my striker tells me that last piece of stove pipe you furnished us does not fit by two inches; I don't believe you looked at the dimensions"; and when he hastens to join the ladies for protection, he is saluted with an anxious chorus of inquiries as to when he is going to put that pane of glass in the second-story window, and where are those bricks for the new chimney. His worst enemies, however, lie far afield, for he wages constant war with those clerks at the Treasury Department at Washington who go over his accounts and papers, and who take keen and justifiable pride in making him answer for every fraction of a cent which he has left unexplained. The government, for instance, furnishes his storehouse with a thousand boxes of baking-powder, valued at $70, or seven cents a box. If he sells three boxes for twenty-five cents—I am quoting an actual instance—the Treasury Department returns his papers, requesting him to explain who got the four cents, and is anxious to know what he means by it.

I once saw some tin roofs at a post; they had been broken in coming, and the quartermaster condemned them. That was a year ago, and his papers complaining about these tin roofs have been travelling back and forth between contractor and express agent and the department at Washington and the quartermaster ever since, and they now make up a bundle of *seventy* different papers. Sometimes the quartermaster defeats the Treasury Department; sometimes it requires him to pay money out of his own pocket. Three revolvers were stolen out of their rack once, and the post quartermaster was held responsible for their loss. He objected to paying the sum the government required, and pointed out that the revolvers should have been properly locked in the rack. The government replied that the lock furnished by it was perfect, and not to be tampered with or scoffed at, and that his excuse was puerile. This quartermaster had a mechanic in his company, and he sent for the young man, and told him to go through the barracks and open all the locks he could. At the end of an hour every rack and soldier's box in the post were burglarized, and the government paid for the revolvers.



THE BARRACKS, FORT HOUSTON.

The post quartermaster's only pleasure lies in his storehouse, and in the neatness and order in which he keeps his supplies. He dearly loves to lead the civilian visitor through these long rows of shelves, and says, while clutching at his elbow to prevent his escape, "You see, there are all the shovels in that corner; then over there I have the Sibley tents, and there on that shelf are the blouses, and next to them are the overcoats, and there are the canvas shoes, and on that shelf we keep matches, and down here, you see, are the boots. Everything is in its proper place." At which you are to look interested, and say, "Ah, yes!" just as though you had expected to see the baking-powder mixed with the pith helmets, and the axe handles and smoking tobacco grouped together on the floor.

After the quartermaster, the adjutant, to the mind of the civilian at least, is the most superior being in the post. He is a lieutenant selected by the colonel to act as his conscience-keeper and letter-writer, and to convey his commands to the other officers. It is his proud privilege to sit in the colonel's own room and sign papers, and to dictate others to his assistant non-coms, and it is one of his duties to oversee the guard mount, and to pick out the smartest-looking soldier to act as the colonel's orderly for the day. You must understand that as the colonel's orderly does not have to remain on guard at night, the men detailed for guard duty vie with each other in presenting an appearance sufficiently brilliant to attract the adjutant's eye, and as they all look exactly alike, the adjutant has to be careful. He sometimes spends five long minutes and much mental effort in going from one end of the ranks to the other to see if Number Three's boots are better blacked than Number Two's, and in trying to decide whether the fact that Murphy's gun-barrel is oilier than Cronin's should weigh against the fact that Cronin's gloves are new, while Murphy's are only fresh from the wash, both having tied on the condition of their cartridges, which have been rubbed to look like silver, and which must be an entirely superfluous nicety to the Indian who may eventually be shot with them. This is one of the severest duties of an adjutant's routine, and after having accompanied one of them through one of these prize exhibitions, I was relieved to hear him confess his defeat by telling the sergeant that Cronin and Murphy could toss for it. Another perquisite of the adjutant's is his right to tell his brother officers at mess in a casual way that they must act as officer of the day or officer of the guard, or relieve Lieutenant Quay while he goes quail-hunting, or take charge of Captain Blank's troop of raw recruits until the captain returns to their relief. To be able to do this to men who outrank you, and who are much older than yourself, and just as though the orders came from you direct, must be a great pleasure, especially as the others are not allowed the satisfaction of asking, "Who

THE OMNIPOTENT BUGLER.

UNITED STATES MILITARY POST AT SAN ANTONIO.

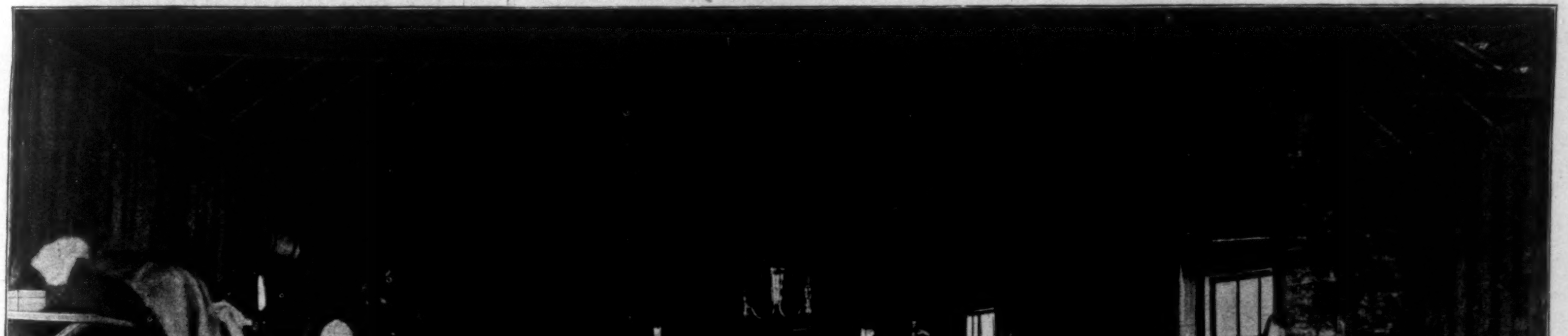
UNITED STATES CAVALRYMAN IN FULL DRESS.

says I must?" or, "What's the matter with your doing it yourself?" These are the officials of the post; the unofficials, the wives and the children, make the social life whatever it is.

There are many in the East who think life at an army post is one of discomfort, more or less monotony, relieved by petty gossip and flirtations. Of course one cannot tell in a short visit whether or not the life might become monotonous, though one rather suspects it would, but the discomforts are quite balanced by other things which one cannot get in the city, and of jealousy and gossip there I saw little. I was told by one officer's wife that to the railroads was due the credit of the destruction of flirtations at garrisons, and though I had heard of many great advances and changes of conditions and territories brought about by the coming of the railroads, this was the first time I had ever heard they had interfered with the course of more or less true love. She explained it by saying that in the days when army posts lay afar from the track of civilization the people were more dependent upon one another, and that then there may have existed Mrs. Hauksbees and Mrs. Knowles, but that to-day the railroads brought in fresh air and ideas from all over the country, and that the officers were constantly being exchanged and others coming and going on detached service, and that visitors from the bigger outside world were appearing at all times.

The life strikes one as such a peaceful sort of an existence that one thinks that must be its chief and great attraction, and that which makes the army people, as they call themselves, so well content. It sounds rather absurd to speak of an army post of all places in the world as peaceful; but the times are peaceful now, and there is not much work for the officers to do, and they enjoy that blessing which is only to be found in the army and in the Church of Rome—of having one's life laid out for one by others, and in doing what one is told, and in not having to decide things for one's self. You are sure of your home, of your income, and you know exactly what is going to be your work a month or five years later. You are not dependent on the rise of a certain stock, nor the slave of patients or clients, and you have more or less responsibility according to your rank, and responsibility is a thing every man loves. If he has that, and his home and children, a number of congenial people around him, and good hunting and fishing, it would seem easy for him to be content. It is different with his wife. She may unconsciously make life very pleasant for her husband or very uncomfortable, in ways that other women may not. If she leaves him and visits the East to see the new gowns, or the new operas, or her own people, she is criticised as not possessing a truly wifely spirit, and her husband is secretly pitied; and he knows it, and resents it for his wife's sake. While, on the other hand, if she remains always at the post, he is called a selfish fellow, and his wife's people at home in the East think ill of him for keeping her all to himself in *that* wilderness.

The most surprising thing about the frontier army posts, to my mind, was the amount of comfort and the number of pretty trifles one found in the houses, especially when one considered the distance these trifles—such as billiard tables for the club or canteen, and standing lamps for the houses on the line—had come. At several dinners, at posts I had only reached after two days' journey by stage, the tables were set exactly as they would have been in New York city with Sherry's men in the kitchen. There were red candle shades, and salted almonds and ferns in silver centre pieces, and more forks than one ever knows what to do with, and all the rest of it. I hope the army people will not resent this, and proudly ask, "What did he expect to find?" but I am sure that is not the idea of a frontier post we have received in the East. There was also something delightfully



ONE-COMPANY POST, OKLAHOMA CITY—INTERIOR OF BARRACKS.

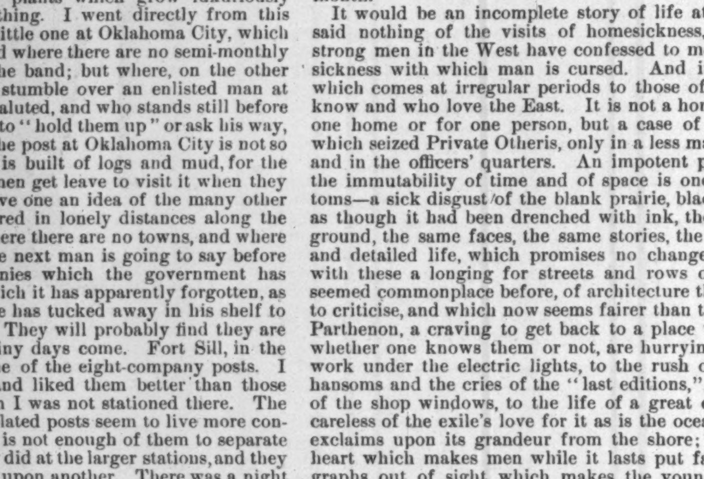
novel in the table-talk, and in hearing one pretty, slight woman, in a smart *décolleté* gown, casually tell how her husband and his men had burned the prairie grass around her children and herself, and turned aside a prairie fire that towered and roared around them, and another of how her first child had been seized with convulsions in a stage-coach when they were snow-bound eighty miles from the post and fifty miles from the nearest city, and how she borrowed a clasp-knife from one of the passengers with which he had been cutting tobacco and lanced the baby's gums, and so saved his life. There was another hostess who startled us by saying, cheerfully, that the month of June at her last post was the most unpleasant in the year, because it was so warm that it sometimes spoiled the ice for skating, and that the snow in April reached to the sloping eaves of the house; also the daughter of an Indian fighter, who, while pouring out at a tea one day, told calmly of an Indian who had sprung at her with a knife, and seized her horse's head, and whom she had shaken off by lashing the pony on to his hind legs. She could talk the Sioux language perfectly, and had lived for the greater part of her life 800 miles from a railroad. Is it any wonder you find all the men in an army post married when there are women who can adapt themselves as gracefully to snow-shoes at Fort Brady as to the serious task of giving dinners at Fort Houston?

Fort Sam Houston at San Antonio is one of the three largest posts in the country, and is in consequence one of the heavens towards which the eyes of the army people turn. It is only twenty minutes from the city, and the weather is mild throughout the year, and in the summer there are palm-trees around the houses; and white uniforms—which are unknown to the posts further north, and which are as pretty as they are hard to keep clean—make the parade-ground look like a cricket field. They have dances at this post twice a month, the regimental band furnishing the music, and the people from town helping out the sets, and the officers in uniforms with red, white, and yellow stripes. A military ball is always very pretty, and the dancing hall at Houston is decorated on such occasions with guidons and flags, and palms and broad-leaved plants which grow luxuriously everywhere, and cost nothing. I went directly from this much-desired post to the little one at Oklahoma City, which is a one-company post, and where there are no semi-monthly dances or serenades by the band; but where, on the other hand, the officers do not stumble over an enlisted man at every step who has to be saluted, and who stands still before them, as though he meant to "hold them up" or ask his way, until he is recognized. The post at Oklahoma City is not so badly off, even though it is built of logs and mud, for the town is near by, and the men get leave to visit it when they wish. But it serves to give one an idea of the many other one-company posts scattered in lonely distances along the borders of the frontier, where there are no towns, and where every man knows what the next man is going to say before he speaks—single companies which the government has dropped out there, and which it has apparently forgotten, as a man forgets the book he has tucked away in his shelf to read on some rainy day. They will probably find they are remembered when the rainy days come. Fort Sill, in the Oklahoma Territory, is one of the eight-company posts. I visited several of these, and liked them better than those nearer the cities; but then I was not stationed there. The people at these smaller isolated posts seem to live more contentedly together. There is not enough of them to separate into cliques or sets, as they did at the larger stations, and they were more dependent one upon another. There was a night when one officer on the line gave a supper, and another (one of his guests) said he wished to contribute the cigars. There had not been an imported cigar in that post for a year at least, and when Captain Ellis brought in a fresh box with *two* paper stamps about it, and the little steamer engraved on the gray band met our eyes, and we knew they had paid the customs duty, there was a most unseemly cheer and undignified haste to have the box opened. And then each man laid his cigar beside his plate, and gazed and sniffed at it, and said "Ah!" and beamed on every one else, and put off lighting it as long as he possibly could. That was a memorable night, and I shall never sufficiently thank Captain Ellis for that cigar, and for showing me how little we of the East appreciate the little things we have always with us, and which become so important when they are taken away.

Fort Sill is really a summer resort; at least, that is what the officers say. I was not there in summer, but it made a most delightful winter resort. There is really no reason at all why people should not go to these interior army posts as well as to the one at Point Comfort, and spend the summer or winter there, either for their health or for their pleasure. They can reach Fort Sill, for instance, in a three days' journey from New York, and then there are two days of staging, and you are in a beautiful valley, with rivers running over rocky beds, with the most picturesque Indians all about you, and with red and white flags wigwagging from the parade to the green mountain-tops, and good-looking boy officers to explain the new regulations, and the best of hunting and fishing.

I do not know how the people of Fort Sill will like having their home advertised in this way, but it seems a pity others should not enjoy following Colonel Jones over the prairie after jack-rabbits. We started four of them in one hour, and that is a very good sport when you have a field of twenty men and women and a pack of good hounds. The dogs of Colonel Jones were not as fast as the rabbits, but they were faster than the horses, and so neither dogs nor rabbits were hurt; and that is as it should be, for, as Colonel Jones says, if you caught the rabbits, there would be no more rabbits to catch. Of the serious side of the life of an army post, of the men and of the families of the men who are away on dangerous field service, I have said nothing, because there was none of it when I was there, nor of the privations of those posts up in the far Northwest, where snow and ice are almost a yearly accompaniment, and where the mail and the papers, which are such a mockery as an exchange for the voices of real people, come only twice a month.

It would be an incomplete story of life at a post which said nothing of the visits of homesickness, which, many strong men in the West have confessed to me, is the worst sickness with which man is cursed. And it is an illness which comes at irregular periods to those of the men who know and who love the East. It is not a homesickness for one home or for one person, but a case of that madness which seized Private Otheris, only in a less malignant form, and in the officers' quarters. An impotent protest against the immutability of time and of space is one of its symptoms—a sick disgust of the blank prairie, blackened by fire as though it had been drenched with ink, the bare parade-ground, the same faces, the same stories, the same routine and detailed life, which promises no change or end; and with these a longing for streets and rows of houses that seemed commonplace before, of architecture they had dared to criticise, and which now seems fairer than the lines of the Parthenon, a craving to get back to a place where people, whether one knows them or not, are hurrying home from work under the electric lights, to the rush of the passing hansoms and the cries of the "last editions," and the glare of the shop windows, to the life of a great city that is as careless of the exile's love for it as is the ocean to one who exclaims upon its grandeur from the shore; a soreness of heart which makes men while it lasts put familiar photographs out of sight, which makes the young lieutenants, when the band plays a certain waltz on the parade at sundown, bite their chin straps, and stare ahead more fixedly than the regulations require. Some officers will confess this to you, and some will not. It is a question which is the happier, he who has no other scenes for which to care, and who is content, or he who eats his heart out for a while, and goes back on leave at last.



UNITED STATES MILITARY POST—INFANTRY PARADE.

COINCIDENCES OF TRAVEL.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

SCENE.—*The passing country as viewed from the smoking-compartment of the "Congressional Limited" between New York and Philadelphia.*

Two Travellers, *strangers to each other, seated* vis-à-vis.

First Traveller (*yawning*). I wish aerial travel were possible.

Second Traveller (*throwing aside paper*). So do I—hurry this trip a little.

First Traveller (*nervously*). Yes. Wish it were over with.

Second Traveller (*irrelevantly*). Hate weddings.

First Traveller (*starting*). Eh? Beg pardon!

Second Traveller (*mildly*). I said that I hated weddings. Going to one now, and wish it were over and done with.

First Traveller (*sighing*). Echo that sentiment. Going to one myself.

Second Traveller (*musingly*). I don't want to go, but I promised to be on hand.

First Traveller (*laughing*). I promised, too.

Second Traveller (*lighting cigar*). My first (*puff*) girl is to be (*puff*) married, and I said some two (*puff*) years ago that I (*puff*) would attend the ceremony.

First Traveller (*also lighting a cigar*). Strange (*puff*) coincidences one (*puff*) meets with in travelling. Your last (*puff*) remark explains my (*puff*) case exactly.

Second Traveller (*grimly*). I guess we are not the only miserable mortals in the world.

First Traveller (*doubtfully*). Eh—no; I reckon not, altogether.

Second Traveller (*philosophically*). The mission of man is to chase elusive phantoms, and to find his dreams are but bubbles.

First Traveller (*sagely*). Perhaps so.

Second Traveller (*lightly*). Well, you know what I mean. All things turn out for the best in the end.

First Traveller (*confidently*). Oh yes; yes, indeed. *I've* found it so.

Second Traveller (*reflectively*). Now when my adored one gave her opinion on the matter, I thought life wasn't worth living. Didn't you find it so?

First Traveller (*cautiously*). Eh—no—I can't say that I did.

Second Traveller (*mournfully*). Well, I dare say that you are endowed with more philosophy than I am.

First Traveller (*softly*). It was nothing more than I had expected.

Second Traveller (*carelessly*). Some men have the faculty of blessed foresight. I'm a common ordinary mortal, inclined to be impulsive and rush in blindly.

First Traveller (*soothingly*). What I meant was that I was particularly fortunate, and understood matters from the start.

Second Traveller (*crossly*). Yes, and was prepared for the thunder-bolt. I wasn't. I thought the girl cared for me. I made a donkey of myself, and have been kicking an invisible fate ever since that forced me to make such a promise.

First Traveller (*inquiringly*). What was the promise?

Second Traveller (*grinning*). Why, the one I'm keeping now—to attend her wedding.

First Traveller (*brightly*). Oh, I see. She declined you, and then exacted this promise.

Second Traveller (*astonished*). Precisely. Didn't you understand?

First Traveller (*confusedly*). I do now. I thought that you were going to your own wedding.

Second Traveller (*smiling broadly*). Oh! (*After a minute's pause.*) Are you?

First Traveller (*blushing*). Eh—yes.

Second Traveller (*roaring*). Oh, I see, I see. Why, of course. Ha, ha! No wonder you didn't agree with me.

First Traveller (*aggrieved*). It's nothing to laugh at.

Second Traveller (*soberly*). Certainly not, sir; but I pictured you in an uncomfortable position like myself. Another illustration of my blindness. You must excuse my remarks.

First Traveller (*easily*). Of course, of course; sorry for you; but, please, don't imagine that I'm entirely at my ease.

Second Traveller (*with a wave of his hand*). My dear sir, I am congratulating myself that I am no one else, and I can sympathize perfectly with you. As you may have discovered, my imagination is very strong.

First Traveller (*gathering up his traps*). Yes—eh—yes. Well, I get out at Blankton; the train makes a special stop for me.

Second Traveller (*amazed*). *Blankton?* Aw—you don't say. Can it be possible your name is Trotter?

First Traveller (*suddenly formal*). It is, sir.

Second Traveller (*meekly*). Oh, confound it all! It's your wedding that I'm going to. It's your promised bride that declined me. I always thought her a girl of good sense, and this simply proves it. Mr. Trotter, I'm an idiot.

First Traveller (*deprecatingly*). Why, no, not at all. If I'm not mistaken, you're Mr. Satterly.

Second Traveller (*positively*). I am; I suppose you know all about it. If you will do me a favor, Mr. Trotter, you will kindly refrain for twenty-four hours from telling the prospective Mrs. Trotter about this incident. By that time I will be on the *Majestic* seaward bound. My passage is engaged, and I'm glad of it. I believe that my stupidity is simply monumental.

First Traveller (*gently*). I'm extremely grieved, Mr. Satterly, but these travelling coincidences are very embarrassing. I expect to sail on the same steamer myself.

[CURTAIN.]

WHERE SLEEP THE BRAVE.

STREW flowers here—
Fresh, radiant flowers!
With beauteous buds and blossoms rare
Cover the silent mounds.
Wreathe the white tablets o'er
With fragrant garlands.
Here sleep the brave!
The brave, whose memory is sweet;
Sweet as the breath of roses;
Lasting as the sheen of immortelles.
Strew flowers!
Cover the silent mounds with bloom!
And where white tablets gleam,
Hang fragrant garlands!

ED. MOTT.

UN BON QUART D'HEURE.

AFTER she gave him his second cup of tea she came from her shadowed corner into the warm light of the hearth fire. The tea was high-priced, and had a fleeting flavor of pot-pourri and incense. Upon the teak-wood table, with its old Dutch silver and frail weight of Dresden, stood the kettle, bright and brazen, like the quaint lamp which kept the water hissing above it. Everything about the room was final and satisfactory. It mocked his own poor quarters, where, upon the worn table which served him for a desk, by the feeble light of a student lamp with a green shade, he wrote the verse in praise of her who inspired it.

He had told her of his poverty—of the little room with its shabby carpet, and the stove with the cast-iron lady in *repoussé* upon its door, adding a humorous word, too, about the window-shades, which would not go up or down, but halted midway in their course like a half-hearted lover. This enchanted hour with her each week was helping him on to fame. Already his sketches in *The Clarion* were gaining quite a vogue for their author. But it brought him other revenue besides coin of the realm. Latterly it had paid him in unquiet days and sleepless nights. He was fathoms deep in love.

And she was quoting Aldrich to him in praise of poverty! The little parchment book he had dared to send her then, with a verse of his own on the fly-leaf, had pleased her.

"'With an old hat
Stopping the hole in the roof,
To keep the goddess constant and glad,'"

she repeated, softly. "That means that fame wooes poverty. And what does Tennyson say in *The Foresters?*

"'Love flew in at the window,
As wealth walked in at the door.
"You have come, for you saw wealth coming," said I.
But he fluttered his wings, with a sweet little cry—
"I'll cleave to you, rich or poor."
Wealth dropt out of the window,
Poverty crept through the door.
"Well, now, you would fain follow wealth," said I.
But he fluttered his wings as he gave me the lie—
"I cling to you all the more."'

And that means," she added, her luminous eyes holding him for an instant, "that love wooes poverty; and so to poverty come fame, and, unsought, love, while to poor wealth—"

She did not finish. The hour was striking six silvery notes. Carriages rolled homeward from the Park, and the lamps on the avenue shone feebly through the embroidery of the curtains. A twinkling vista of them stretched along the Park front, and more remote lights began to show on the wider path of the sky. The little lamp on the table had burned itself out, and so put a pause to the garrulous kettle's confidences, but no one marked its silence. He saw her in his shabby room under the glowworm light of the student lamp, and the fancy turned the dingy shade from green to rose; he placed her on a low chair beside the stove, and the grim features of the cast-iron lady relaxed into a pleased smile; he saw the window-shades running smoothly as a patent on paper, with her hand on the erstwhile useless cord; he saw himself reading his verses to her, and herein he found

his highest satisfaction. For what greater joy can there be than to read your own verses to the one you love?

The fire-light, seeking the gleam of gold in her gown and in the loose tendrils of her hair, found too the dull glow in the opal's heart and the sudden fire of the diamonds upon her slender fingers. But it lingered longest in her happy eyes, where love had kindled a lasting flame.

MARY WAKEMAN BOTSFORD.

MANY a frolic we've had together
Out in the pleasant summer weather;

Out where the tall pines climb so high
They seem to be whispering to the sky;

Where the baby waves of the shining bay
Run up on the blooming shore to play.

You are a gymnast light and fleet,
The spirit of Nature in your feet;

As the wind of the forest wild and free,
Yet you leave the tree-top to play with me.

Your heart so shy and fluttering, bought
By the magic of a loving thought.

Dear little friend, you will not grieve
When I your fragrant dwelling leave,

But often at a pine-tree's sigh,
A breath of balsam wandering by,

Oak shadows breaking on my view,
My longing thoughts will turn to you.

Shall I find you here when I come this way,
My graceful little friend in gray?

MARY FRANCES BUTTS.

EL VOLCAN OMETEPE.

(*Continued from page 513.*)

"You will find no Christian man in Muygalpa willing to defy the Almighty and guide you to the top of Ometepe," they had said to us more than once. "Two young men were sent by the government to investigate the fires at the beginning of the last eruption, but they never returned. Before they were half-way up the mountain a stream of molten lava surrounded them, and they were roasted alive. Even before the fires were lighted," they continued, "a French engineer with quite a large party had attempted the ascent. He kept boldly on in advance of the others, when suddenly the thin crust gave way, and he sank into the crater before the eyes of his friends."

Such was the dismal outlook for help from the natives when I reached Muygalpa, about a week after the mountain had ceased its ominous rumbling. There had been, moreover, an awful tragedy in the little camp down the river. Poor Cartaya, in a fit of mental depression superinduced by fever, had shot Surgeon Burt, and killed himself immediately afterwards. Burt represented the Smithsonian Institution in Nicaragua, and it was the intention that he should take specimens of animal life and the fauna and flora existing in the different zones of vegetation. I was therefore deprived of his assistance as well as of that of Peary, who was to have brought the delicate and costly instruments to observe altitudes. When I reached the little village under the lee of the volcano, and found these disappointments awaiting me, I confess I was tempted to abandon the undertaking. The present opportunity, however, was my last. I had made a final visit to the interior, and was then on the eve of my departure for the United States. I therefore decided to organize a party, and make the ascent with whatever help I could obtain. American gold, as dear to the simple-minded Indian as to the average New-Yorker, might accomplish something if used judiciously. Subsequent events proved that I had reasoned logically.

A certain Señora Canton had been recommended to me by President Carazo. I found her poor, but proud, and, to my delight, she spoke English fluently. Señora Canton was an American by birth, and had come to Nicaragua at the time of the "gold excitement" in California. While attempting to cross the isthmus her husband had contracted the fever and died. A beautiful woman cannot remain long in single blessedness under tropical skies, and therefore the young American girl soon became the wife of Señor Canton. He in turn was killed a few years after, during one of the many revolutions in Walker's time. I told my hostess briefly the object of my visit to the island, and left the selection of guides and horses entirely to her, promising that all of the party should be well paid. She at first warned me against attempting an ascent, saying that the natives were very superstitious about the volcano, and gave at the same time a graphic picture of the consternation that prevailed when Ometepe first became active.

"In June, 1883," said she, "I was living all alone in this hut, when a German doctor, travelling through Nicaragua, came to the island, recommended to me just as you are. He remained overnight at my house, and in the early morning started out on horseback to study the crater. The natives looked upon him with suspicion, and believed that he had come to get gold from the city of Incanto. At dark he returned to my house, and passed the night there. Shortly before daylight we were awakened by a deep muttering, like the sound of distant thunder, and a number of severe earthquake shocks followed each other in quick succession. Then a brilliant flame shot up high into the heavens, and Ometepe spoke with a mighty voice. The scene at this time was one that I shall never forget. Around my hut more than half of the villagers had gathered with machetes and clubs, wildly crying: 'Give us the blood of the German doctor. He has lighted the mountain to burn out the gold. Death to him!'

"Hastily tearing up one of the planks in my floor, I directed the terror-stricken man to crawl under the house. Then I appeared at the door, and told them that the one they sought was not there—he had fled during the early part of the night—but that my premises were open for their inspection. After a careful search, they retired. I then told the unfortunate man where he would find a small boat, and advised him to pull for the mainland with all his strength. Through the darkness he managed to steal down to the shore, and pull away in the direction of San Jorge. The following morning he was picked up about ten miles from Alta Gracia. During the days following that terrible night," she added, "the panic among the natives was frightful to behold. As the noises from the mountain became more violent, they believed that the day of judgment had come, and wandered about the streets ringing bells and invoking the aid of their patron saints. Those who possessed boats of any kind crossed over to the mainland, leaving their homes and plantations at the mercy of the demon of Ometepe. Nature itself seemed overawed. Birds of the air, wild beasts, and domestic animals ran into the huts, and crouched together in a brotherhood of fear. Clouds of ashes covered everything on the island, and were carried by the wind as far as Brito, on the Pacific, twenty-one miles away."

During this excitement Señora Canton, with a few others, remained on the island, in which course she displayed wisdom, for only those estates on the lee side of the mountain suffered. A few weeks later the terror-stricken refugees returned to their homes, bringing with them the Bishop of Rivas. Then followed the ceremony of baptizing the volcano and invoking the Almighty to restrain it from doing further injury. This baptism of volcanoes is one of the old customs of the country, and has been performed, when deemed necessary, ever since the conquest.

Little seems to be known of Ometepe's past eruptions, though the course of such outbreaks may easily be traced and classified by the scars and wounds made by lava torrents on the lee side of the mountain. All information that I could gain of previous ascents is vague and obscure. The historian Levy, from whom I have been able to obtain only a few meagre facts, made an ascent in 1869. Again, at the commencement of the eruption in 1883, when the natives were leaving the island in terror, the government sent up a party to study the character of the phenomena. Theirs was a sad experience, for, as the Indian told me, two of the number were roasted in a lava stream. From that time until the spring of 1888 Ometepe was in a constant state of activity, and no ascent had been attempted until the one of which I now write. Levy speaks of finding two points at the summit, with a crater between, which formed a lagoon filled with water, pure, crystalline, and cold; and the wells on the island, he says, were all strongly impregnated with sulphur. I found, however, that many changes had occurred since his time.

My hostess, Señora Canton, seemed far above the average Ometepean, and was inclined to assist me, even against the advice of her best friends. With her aid I organized a small party, consisting of her two sons, Mateo and Ernesto, with their cousin Roberto Campo as guide. On the 13th of April I had completed all arrangements, and started at daylight with two days' provisions, a "tenaja" of water, four machetes, two axes, and a coil of rope. I intended to make the ascent on horseback from the westward, climbing the lee side of the volcano, upon which the effects of the recent eruption would be more marked.

Our road lay round the base of the mountain, through gardens of wild flowers that had battled hard for life—a strange and pleasing contrast to the mountain-side above, scarred and battered from the terrible onslaughts of ages. As we passed the huts of the natives, the inmates all rushed out to see what the cavalcade meant. As soon as the nature of our mission became known, they tried to persuade us that we were only tempting Providence. Soon we were almost hidden in a forest of sweet yellow sagua parte flowers, with here and there a few nanciote-trees. Following a short path to the right, we reached a rugged road about ten yards wide, probably formed by torrents of water which once issued from the crater as steam, and condensing, flowed down the cone in torrents.

A little higher up the road we entered a dense forest of guanacoste-trees, from which the poisonous "nux vomica" is extracted. A gentle breeze rustled the leaves, and birds flew quickly by, startled at our sudden approach. Dead trees, with whitened branches, stood in our pathway like lonely sentinels, grim and ghastly. The pebbles disappeared, and the horses' feet sank deep in soft sand. The road led into a deep gulch, the high walls of which were lined with beautiful ferns and the rarest of orchids. Gigantic logs had fallen across the gulch, and immense stones rendered our progress difficult. A few yards more and we were blocked by a wall twenty or thirty feet high, which forced us to retrace our steps and try a dark chasm to the right. Here another wall was encountered, of stones piled up in wonderful and intricate array, with sharp edges and needle-like points. We were forced to retreat, and turning to the left, found an opening that led to a low forest of quiniatrees. Through these we cut our way with machetes and axes, and were at last rewarded by the sound of the horses' feet upon crisp lava.

Thus far we had ascended only the pedestal upon which the volcanic cone rests; but the unobstructed view which greeted the eye more than repaid our tiresome venture. To the east the volcano stood like a mighty Titan—defiant in its awful grandeur. The needle-pointed summit was lost in the clouds, while the base was washed by the crystal waters of the lake. Down the steep sides were the furrows of past eruptions. Immense ravines and fissures, which seemed to extend to the very centre of the earth, were cut into the sides by some mighty power. Even had we been unable to attain a higher altitude, this sublime spectacle of the energy of the universe would have sufficed for a lifetime. The sun was now high in the heavens, and the waters of the lake were as smooth as the surface of a polished mirror. More than twenty miles away the unruffled Pacific sparkled like a brilliant sapphire. Behind old Mombacho, Granada lay hidden, but far below shimmered the rich cacao and coffee estates of Rivas. As I looked upon gardens of luscious mangoes, blushing alternately red and gold, with here and there a dark-skinned caimeto, I fancid I could see the thrifty Indian housewives spinning cabollo under the cool shade trees of Nindiri, which village, musically named from Neenda (water) and Diria (mountain), lies between the lake and the mountain.

While I stood rapt and dreaming, the men were preparing breakfast and removing the saddles from the horses, for the rest of the journey had to be made on foot. The sides of the volcano seemed to rise at an angle of more than 60°, and the outlook was not a cheering one. To add to our discomfort, the wind had increased to almost a gale, and clouds began to settle on the apex. Advancing a few hundred yards to the eastward, the ground became whiter and harder, and the horses' feet crunched it like frozen snow. Soon a few traces of burnt grass were seen near an immense cavern just at the foot of the cone, the bottom of which consisted of a series of subcaverns filled with large stones cut in the most fantastic forms, resting upon a bed of soft black sand and cinders. From the sides and through the interstices of the rocks were struggling masses of bright red and yellow flowers. We were now forced to dispense with the horses, and anchor them to heavy stones. Hastily divesting ourselves of all superfluous wearing apparel, we began, equipped with stout sticks and thongs of rawhide, the attack upon the fiery opening.

Curiosity drew us a little too near the edge of a wide chasm, when suddenly a faint tremor of the ground warned us of our danger. Scarcely were we safely away before ten feet of white lava crust caved in, and crashed down into the depths below with a sickening thud that blanched even the dark faces of my companions. A little to the north of this cavern the precipitous walls of Ometepe confronted us. The first solid footing we struck was composed of minute volcanic stones, as hard as flint, which cut painfully into our flesh. Three great fissures seen from below looked near at hand, like the abodes of demons, black and fathomless. Crawling on hands and knees between two of these openings, a level space was reached, where, to our dismay, we found the charred remains of a dwarf forest. Some of the trees stood upright in a soft brown powder, and, with their dead branches, made a weird and ghastly picture in this volcanic graveyard.

The character of the surface soon changed, and no signs of either animal or vegetable life were to be seen. From this point to the summit the inclined plane became steeper, and our path lay over burnt lava and cinders. Digging with heels and sticks into this, we now began the most difficult and tedious part of the ascent. Towering above were dense black clouds gradually settling down upon us. The weather looked threatening, and our progress was slow.

Must we give up the goal when victory perches only a few hundred feet above? Must all of our hard work go for naught?

"Let us continue until we are forced to retire," I said to my party. "The clouds are only passing, and all will be clear at the summit."

The men looked sullen, and obeyed doggedly.

Now we are on our hands and knees, then on our stomachs. A deathlike stillness prevails. The silence is oppressive, broken only when our sticks loosen masses of hard-caked scoria and lava stones, which are hurled down the mountain-side with catapultic force, striking the bottom of some deep gulch with a dull sepulchral sound.

Higher and higher we clamber into the region of the skies. The clouds which looked so near are now luring us to dizzy heights, and the mountain seems to shrivel up to the size of an egg. The crater cannot be very far away, for the ground becomes intensely warm. A barefooted member of the party refuses to proceed. Darker and darker it becomes as we grope helplessly about between earth and sky.

To a question asking the distance from the crater, the guide gives the proverbial Spanish answer that he has grunted all day, "No hay mas," which, in literal English, means "only a little farther." He is near the truth this time, for my last view before the summit was shut in located the crater just about here. Now we lose sight of one another, and are forced to depend entirely upon our voices. It is, indeed, a case of the blind leading the blind, and it seems folly to proceed.

One step more, and a whirlwind strikes us.

"Down on your bellies for your lives!" cries the guide, as an avalanche of stones and dust almost suffocates us.

The ground grows warmer, the men's ardor cooler. They refuse point-blank to move a step farther, saying, "If you want to see more, it must be alone." They advise me to give up the ascent, declaring that any movement near the edge of a crater always maddens the fire. Aware of the superstition with which all Central Americans regard volcanoes, I decide not to heed this advice. As a precaution, however, I instruct them to lash together several thongs of rawhide and make a noose, which I pass round my body below the arms. They then agree to follow me at a distance of fifty feet.

Crawling cautiously forward on hands and knees, I had just caught sight of an immense elliptical opening, when a sudden gust of wind almost blew my feet from under me. My hat was seized in the vortex and swept over into the great gaping abyss. Before I had time to recover from this shock, I was jerked backwards, and in horror heard the warning cry, "Fuego! fuego!" (Fire! fire!)

Hastily dropping the improvised rope, all of my companions made their way down the mountain-side as fast as hands, feet, and gravity could carry them. Expecting every moment to be buried beneath a mass of incandescent stones and ashes, I was not slow to collect my senses and follow to a place of safety.

Now the danger of my situation fully dawned upon me. The clouds had become so dense that it was impossible to see more than a few feet in any direction. For a moment I was bewildered, and did not know which way to turn.

I groped about in the darkness. I shouted to the men. I heard only my own voice echo far down the mountain.

I felt, indeed, alone 'twixt earth and sky, with nothing but a thin crust of lava between me and the fiery torrent below. At any moment my frail support might crumble away like an egg-shell. I looked for the footprints of our ascent, but clouds of wind-swept dust and ashes had completely obliterated them. My retreat must be a cautious one, for the next step might lead me into one of those gaping caverns in the side. Feeling the way with my long staff, I slowly descended until I found myself among the dead trees of the dwarf forest.

Again I shouted to the men. Again I was mocked by the sound of my own voice.

The inclined plane became less steep, and I reasoned from this that I must be more than half-way down the mountain. The fog still refused to lift, however, and it was cold and damp. The wind shrieked through the dead trees like a thousand demons, and finely pulverized stones cut and stung my bare head and face like a whip-lash.

At last a welcome sound reached my ears. I heard the neighing of horses not more than two hundred yards away. Soon the veil of mist lifted; once more I saw the light of day, and breathed with a sense of renewed safety. It was almost sunset, and a dazzling flood of light fell upon the purple peaks of Mombacho and Zapatero. The tall palmtrees of Rivas glistened like an army of bayonets, and in the streets of far-away Nindiri I fancied I could hear the evening chant, "Ave Maria purissima."

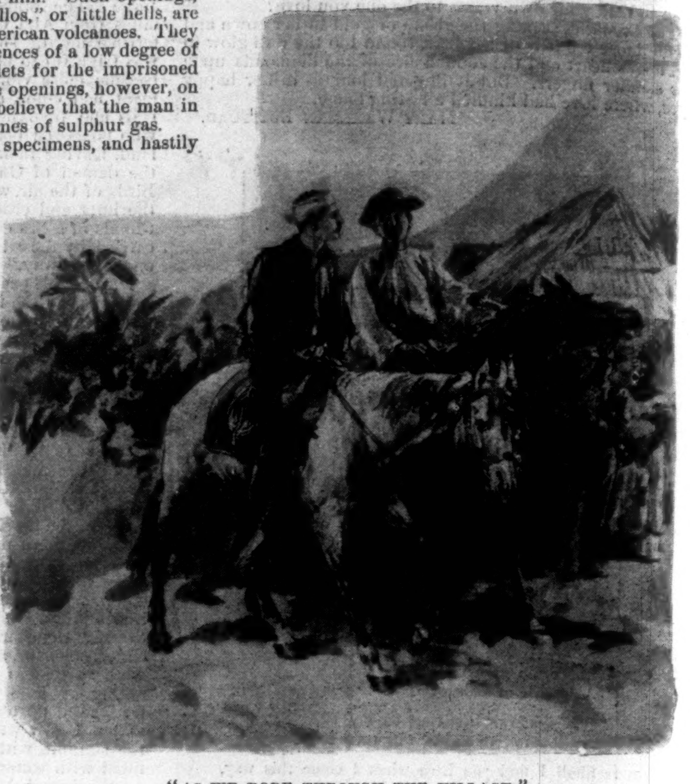
The horses were just where we left them; but my companions, where were they? The clouds grew paler, and slowly faded away. Far above, the men were waving their hands as they rushed down the steep cone. In a half-hour we were all together again, and exchanging experiences. Having gone a little too far to the south, they had found themselves separated from the horses by an immense chasm, in order to cross which they were forced to climb again almost to the summit. The cry of "fire," which had so de-

"THE RICH CACAO AND COFFEE ESTATES OF RIVAS."

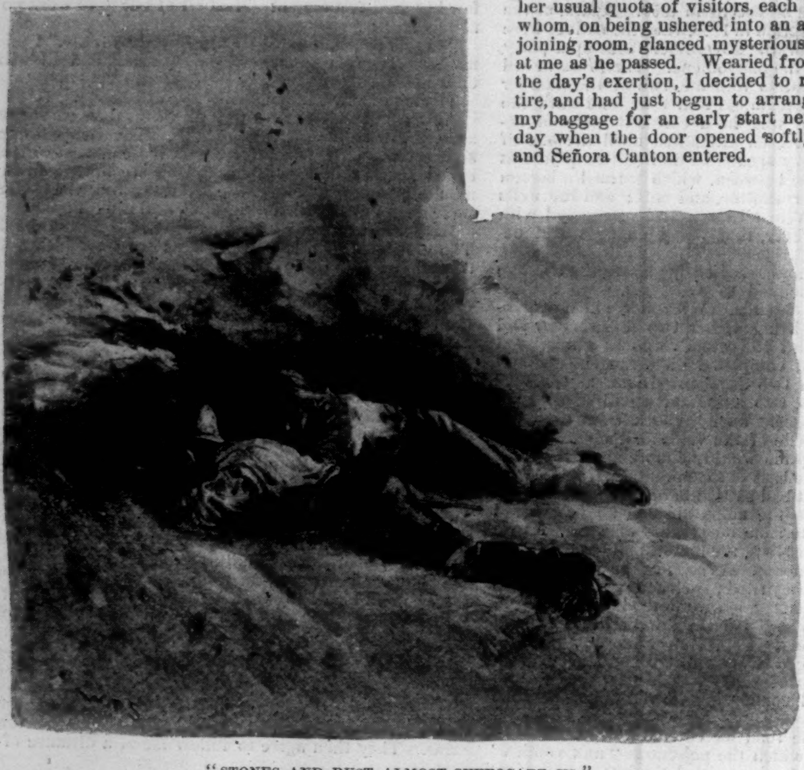
moralized us all, came from one of the men, who declared that he had stumbled over a volcanic vent near the crater. From this aperture, he said, there issued a stream of hot vapor that had almost suffocated him. Such openings, which are known as "infernillos," or little hells, are said to exist on all Central American volcanoes. They are generally regarded as evidences of a low degree of activity, for they serve as outlets for the imprisoned gases. I saw no signs of these openings, however, on Ometepe, and am inclined to believe that the man in question was frightened by fumes of sulphur gas.

Gathering up our stock of specimens, and hastily saddling the horses, we lost but little time in making our way down the mountain. The natives stared wonderingly at us as we rode through the village, for we were indeed woe-begone specimens of humanity. At every corner we heard the musical welcome: "Adios, caballeros. Aun tiene la montaña la fiebre?" (How do you do, gentlemen? Has the mountain still the fever?)

The modest little home of Señora Canton seemed, indeed, a palace that night, and the evening meal a feast. After supper I noticed that my fair hostess received more than her usual quota of visitors, each of whom, on being ushered into an adjoining room, glanced mysteriously at me as he passed. Wearied from the day's exertion, I decided to retire, and had just begun to arrange my baggage for an early start next day when the door opened softly, and Señora Canton entered.



"AS WE RODE THROUGH THE VILLAGE."



"STONES AND DUST ALMOST SUFFOCATE US."

"My poor boy," said she, in a very tender manner, "I am sorry to tell you that your life is in danger here. It would not be safe for you to sleep at Muygalpa to-night."

"And pray what has been my crime?" I asked, a little startled by this sudden bit of information.

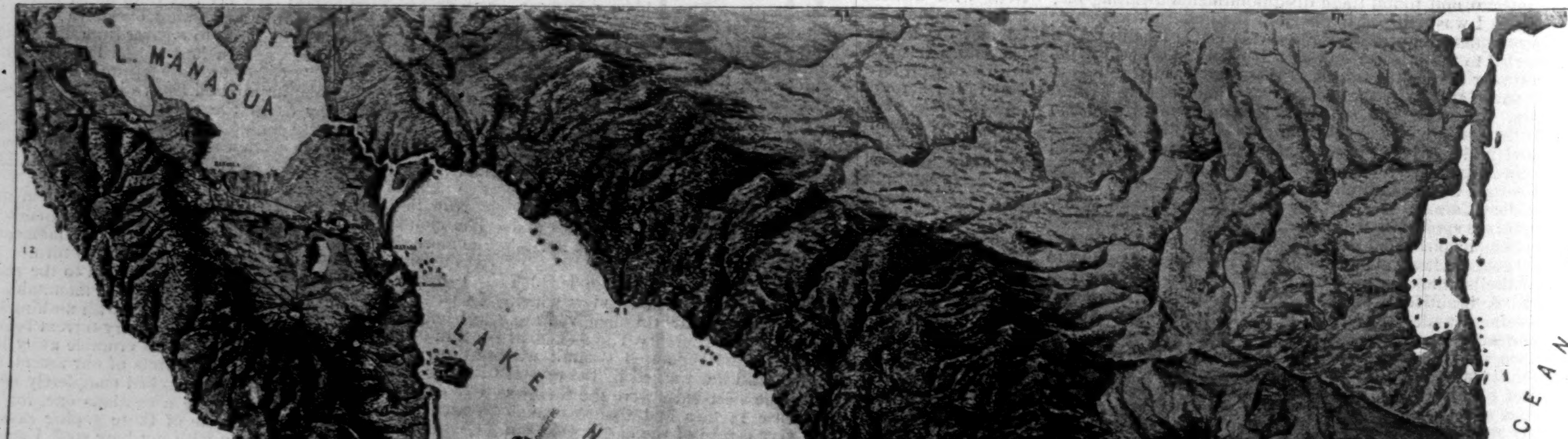
"You remember," she continued, "the experience of the German doctor, and the superstition of the Indians that drove him from this very house the night of Ometepe's first eruption? Well, these people have not yet forgotten that terrible time, and many of them held that as soon as the fire should be quenched, the doctor intended to collect the gold that had been burnt out. None believed that he would dare to come himself, but it has been whispered around the village that you are here at his suggestion. Several of them are even ready to swear that they saw you bring down from the mountain a bag filled with gold."

I could not longer restrain myself, and burst into a hearty laugh when I saw the interpretation that had been placed upon my innocent collection of lava stones and curios for the Smithsonian. Taking up the bag, I threw the entire contents on the floor. "There," said I, "are my treasures from the city of Incanto. Think you they are worth a human life?"

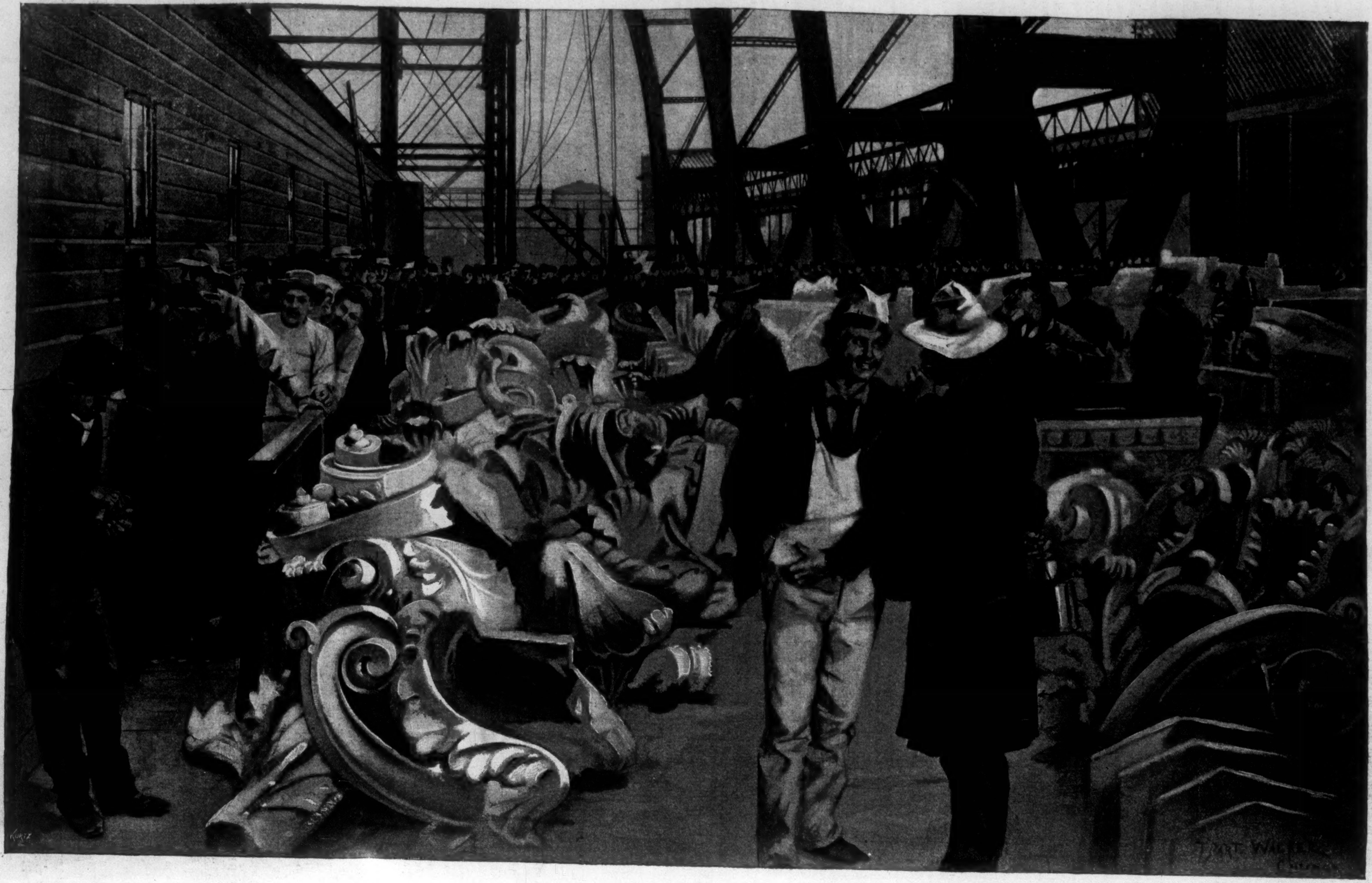
Señora Canton left the room, and in a few minutes returned with the leading men of the village. Secreted in the next room, they had overheard every word of our conversation.

"Have no fear to remain at Muygalpa," said the chief, extending his hand to me. "My people are sometimes foolish, but never unjust. You are welcome here, but if Ometepe's voice should be heard to-night, I would advise you to depart at once."

When the shores of Muygalpa were fading away in the gray dawn, and the steamer *Victoria* was headed for Camp Carazo, on the lower San Juan, I fancied I saw flames issuing from the sharp peak. It was only sunrise on the mountain, however, and the simple-minded Indians were tranquilly sleeping under the shadow of the mystic "City of Incanto."



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ISTHMUS OF NICARAGUA.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—PAY-DAY AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 522.]

THE SPECK ON THE LENS.

"TALKING about inventions," said the oculist, as he very dexterously pocketed two of the pool balls, the handsome ringer, more familiarly known as the fifteen ball, and the white ball itself, thereby adding largely to the minus side of his string—"talking about inventions, I had a curious experience last August. It was an experience which was not only interesting from an inventive point of view, but it had likewise a moral, which will become more or less obvious as I unfold the story.

"You know, I rented and occupied a place in Yonkers last summer. It was situated on the high lands to the north of the city, a little this side of Greystone, overlooking that magnificent stream the Hudson, the ever-varying beauties of which so few of the residents along its banks really appreciate. It was a comfortable box, with a few trees about it, a decent-sized garden—large enough to raise a tomato or two for a Sunday-night salad—and a lawn which was a cure for sore eyes, its soft sheeny surface affording a most restful object upon which to feast the tired optic. I believe it was that lawn that first attracted me as I drove by the place with a patient I had in tow. It was just after a heavy shower, and the sun breaking through the clouds and lighting up the rain-soaked grass gave to it a glistening golden greenness that to my eyes was one of the most beautiful and soul-satisfying bits of color I had seen in a long time. 'Oh, for a summer of that!' I said to myself, little thinking that the beginning of a summer thereof *was* to fall to my lot before many days—for on May 1st I signed papers which made me to all intents and purposes proprietor of the place for the ensuing six months.

"At one corner of the grounds stood, I should say, a dozen apple-trees, the spreading branches of which seemed to form a roof for a sort of enchanted bower, in which, you may be sure, I passed many of my leisure hours, swinging idly in a hammock, the cool breezes from the Hudson, concerning which so many people are sceptical, but which nevertheless exist, bringing delight to the ear and nostril as well as to the 'fevered brow,' which is so fashionable in the neighborhood of New York in the summer, making the leaves rustle in a tuneful sort of fashion, and laden heavily with the sweet odors of many a garden close over which they passed before they got to me."

"Put that in rhyme, doctor, and there's your poem," said the lieutenant, as he made a combination scratch involving every ball on the table.

"I'll do it," said the doctor; "and then I'll have it printed as Appendix J to the third edition of my work on *Sixty Astigmatisms, and how to Acquire Them.* But to get back to my story," he continued. "I was lying there in my hammock one afternoon trying to take a census of the butterflies in sight, when I thought I heard some one back of me call me by name. Instantly the butterfly census was forgotten, and I was on the alert; but—whether there was something the matter with my eyes or not, I do not know—despite all my alertness, there wasn't a soul in sight that I could see. Of course, I was slightly mystified at first, and then I attributed the interruption either to imagination or to some passer-by, whose voice, wafted on the breeze, might have reached my ears. I threw myself back into the hammock once more, and was just about dozing off to the lullaby sung by a bee to the accompaniment of the rustling leaves, when I again heard my name distinctly spoken.

"This time there was no mistake about it, for as I sprang to my feet and looked about, I saw coming toward me a man of unpleasantly cadaverous aspect, whose years, I should judge, were at least eighty in number. His beard was so long and scant that to keep the breezes from blowing it about to his discomfort, he had tucked the ends of it into his vest pocket; his eyes, black as coals, were piercing as gimlets, their sharpness equalled by nothing that I had ever seen, excepting perhaps the point of this same person's nose, which was long and thin, suggesting a razor with a bowie point; his slight body was clad in a sombre garb, and at first glance he appeared to me so disquietingly like a visitor from the supernatural world that I shuddered; but when he spoke, his voice was all gentleness, and whatever of fear I had experienced was in a moment dissipated.

"'You are Doctor Carey?' he said, in a timid sort of fashion.

"'Yes,' I replied; 'I am. What can I do for you?'

"'The distinguished oculist?' he added, as if not hearing my question.

"'Well, I'm a sort of notorious eye-doctor,' I answered, my well-known modesty preventing my entire acquiescence in his manner of putting it.

"He smiled pleasantly as I said this, and then drew out of his coat-tail pocket a small tin box, which, until he opened it, I supposed contained a drinking-cup—one of those folding tin cups.

"'Doctor Carey,' said he, sitting down in the hammock which I had vacated, and toying with the tin box—a proceeding that was so extraordinarily cool that it made me shiver—'I have been looking for you for just sixty-three mortal years.'

"'Excuse me,' I returned, as nonchalantly as I could, considering the fact that I was beginning to be annoyed—'excuse me, but that statement seems to indicate that I was born famous, which I'm inclined to doubt. Inasmuch as I am not yet fifty years old, I cannot understand how it has come to pass that you have been looking for me for sixty-three years.'

"'Nevertheless, my statement was correct,' said he. 'I have been looking for you for sixty-three years, but not for you as you.'

"This made me laugh, although it added slightly to my nervousness, which was now beginning to return. To have a man with a tin box in his hand tell me he had been looking for me for thirteen years longer than I had lived, and then to have him add that it was not, however, me as me that he wanted, was amusing in a sense, and yet I could not help feeling that it would be a relief to know that the tin box did hold a drinking-cup, and not dynamite.

"'You seem to speak English,' I said, in answer to this remark, 'and I have always thought I understood that language pretty well, but you'll excuse me if I say that I don't see your point.'

"'Why is it that great men are so frequently obtuse?' he said, languidly, giving the ground such a push with his toe that it set the hammock swinging furiously. 'When I say that I have searched for you all these years, but not for you as you, I mean not for you as Dr. Carey, not for you as an individual, but for you as the possessor of a very rare eye.'

"'Go on,' I said, feebly, and rubbed my forehead, thinking perhaps my brains had got into a tangle, and were responsible for this extraordinary affair. 'What is the peculiar quality which makes my eye so rare?'

"'There is only one pair of eyes like them in the world, that I know of,' said the stranger, 'and I have visited all lands in search of them and experimented with all kinds of eyes.'

"'And I am the proud possessor of that pair?' I queried, becoming slightly more interested.

"'Not you,' said he. 'You and I together possess that pair, however.'

"'You and I?' I cried.

"'Yes,' said he. 'Your left eye and my right have the honor of being the only two unique eyes in the world.'

"'That's queer too,' I observed, a mixture of sarcasm and flippancy in my tones, I fear. 'You mean twonique, don't you?'

"The old gentleman drew himself up with dignity, made a gesture of impatience, and remarked that if I intended to be flippant he would leave me. Of course I would not hear of this, now that my curiosity had been aroused, and so I apologized.

"'Don't mention it,' he said. 'But, my dear doctor, you cannot imagine my sensations when I found your eye yesterday.'

"'Oh? You found it yesterday, did you?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he said. 'On Forty-third Street.'

"'I was on Forty-third Street yesterday,' I replied, 'but really I was not conscious of the loss of my eye.'

"'Nobody said you had lost it,' said my visitor. 'I only said I had found it. I mean by that that I found it as Columbus found America. America was not necessarily lost before it was found. I had the good fortune to be passing through the street as you left your club. I glanced into your face as I passed, caught sight of your eye, and my heart stood still. There at last was that for which I had so long and so earnestly searched, and so overcome was I with joy at my discovery that I seemed to lose all power of speech, of locomotion, or of sane thought, and not until you had passed entirely out of sight did I return really to my senses. Then I rushed madly into the club-house I had seen you leave a few moments before, described you to the man at the door, learned your name and address, and—well, here I am.'

"'And what does all this extraordinary nonsense lead up to?' I asked. 'What do you intend to do about my eye? Do you wish to borrow it, buy it, or steal it?'

"'Doctor Carey,' said my visitor, sadly, 'I shall not live very long. I have reason to believe that another summer will find me in my grave, and I do not want to die without imparting to the world the news of a marvellous discovery I have made—the details of a wonderful invention that I have not only conceived, but have actually put into working order. *I*, an unknown man—too old to be able to refute the charge of senility were any one disposed to question the value of my statements—could announce to the world my great discovery a thousand times a day, and very properly the world would decline to believe in me. The world would cry humbug, and I should have been unable, had I failed to find you, to convince the world that I was not a humbug. With the discovery of your eye, all that is changed. I shall have an ally in you, and that is valuable for the reason that your statements, whatever they may be, will always be entitled to and will receive respectful attention. Here is my invention. I shall let you discover its marvellous power for yourself, hoping that when you have discovered its power, you will tell the world of it, and of its inventor.'

"With that," said the doctor, "the old fellow handed me the tin box, which I opened with considerable misgivings as to possible results. There was no explosion, however. The cover came off easily enough, and on the inside was a curiously shaped telescope, not a drinking-cup, as I had at first surmised.

"'Why, it's a telescope, isn't it?' I said.

"'Yes. What did you suppose it was?' he asked.

"'I hadn't an idea,' I replied, not exactly truthfully. 'But it can't be good for much in this shape,' I added, for as I pulled the parts out and got it to its full length, I found that each section was curved, and that the whole formed an arc, which, though scarcely perceptible, nevertheless should, it seemed to me, have interfered with the utility of the instrument.

"'That's the point I want you to establish one way or the other,' said my visitor, getting up out of the hammock, and pacing nervously up and down the lawn. 'To my eye that telescope is a marvel, and is the result of years of experiment. It fulfils my expectations, and if your eye is what I think it is, I shall at last have found another to whom it will appear the treasure it appears to me to be. You have a tower on your house, I see. Let us go up on the roof of the tower, and test the glass. Then we shall see if I claim too much for it.'

"The earnestness of the old gentleman interested me hugely, and I led the way through the garden to the house, up the tower stairs to the roof, and then standing there, looking across the river at the Palisades looming up like a huge fortress before me, I put the telescope to my eye.

"'I see absolutely nothing,' I said, after vainly trying to pierce the depths of the instrument with my eye.

"'Alas!' began the old gentleman; and then he laughed, nervously. 'You are using the wrong eye. Try the other one. It is your left eye that has the power to show the virtues of this glass.'

"I obeyed his orders, and then a most singular thing happened. Strange sights met my gaze. At first I could see nothing but the Palisades opposite me, but in an instant my horizon seemed to broaden, the vista through the telescope deepened, and before I knew it, my sight was speeding, now through a beautiful country, over fields, hills, and valleys; then on through great cities, out to and over a broad, slightly undulating stretch which I at once recognized as the plain. In a minute more I began to catch the idea of this wonderful glass, for I now saw rising up before me the wonderful beauties of the Yosemite, and then, like a flash of the lightning, my vision passed over the Sierra Nevada ranges, my eye swept down upon San Francisco, and was soon speeding over the waters of the Pacific.

"Two minutes later I saw the strange pagodas of the Chinese rising before me. Sweeping my glass to the north, bleak Siberia met my gaze; then to the south I saw India, her jungles, her waste places. Not long after, a most awful sight met my gaze. I saw a huge ship at the moment of foundering in the Indian Ocean. Horrified, I turned my glass again to the north, and the minarets of Stamboul rose up before me; then the dome of St. Peter's at Rome; then Paris; then London; then the Atlantic Ocean. I levelled my glass due west, and finally I could see nothing but one small black speck—as like to a fleck of dust as to anything else—on the lens at the other end. With a movement of my hand, I tried to wipe it off, but it still remained, and, in answer to a chuckle at my side, I put the glass down.

"'It is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw,' I said.

"'Yes, it is,' said the other.

"'One can almost see around the world with it,' I cried, breathless nearly with enthusiasm.

"'One can—quite,' said the inventor, calmly.

"'Nonsense!' I said. 'Don't claim too much, my friend.'

"'It is true,' said he. 'Did you notice a speck on the glass? I am sure you did, for you tried to remove it.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'I did. But what of it? What does that signify?'

"'It proves what I said,' he answered. 'You did see all the way around the world with that glass. That black spot on the lens that you thought was a piece of dust was the back of your own head.'

"'Nonsense, my boy! The back of my head is bigger than that,' I said.

"'Certainly it is,' he responded; 'but you must make some allowance for perspective. The back of your head is a trifle less than twenty-four thousand miles from the end of your nose the way you were looking at it.'"

"You mean to say—" began the lieutenant, as the doctor paused to chalk his cue.

"Never mind what I mean to say," said the doctor. "Reflect upon what I have said."

"But the man and the telescope—what became of them?" asked the lieutenant.

"I was about to tell you that. The old fellow who had made this marvellous glass, which to two eyes that he knew of, and to only two, would work as was desired, feeling that he was about to die, had come to me to offer the glass for sale on two considerations. One was a consideration of $25. The other was that I would leave no stone unturned to discover a possible third person younger than myself with an eye similar to those we had, to whom at my death the glass should be transmitted, exacting from him the premium that he too would see that it was passed along in the same manner into the hands of posterity. I was also to acquaint the world with the story of the glass and the name of its inventor to the fullest extent possible."

"And you, of course, accepted?"

"I did," said the doctor; "but having no money in my pocket, I went down into the house to borrow it of my wife, and upon my return to the roof, found no trace of the glass, the old man, or the roof either."

"What!" cried the lieutenant. "Are you crazy?"

"No," smiled the doctor. "Not at all. For the moment I reached the roof of the house, I opened my eyes, and found myself still swinging in the hammock under the trees."

"And the moral?" queried the lieutenant. "You promised a moral, or I should not have listened."

"Always have money in your pocket," replied the doctor, pocketing the last ball, and putting up his cue. "Then you are not apt to lose great bargains such as I lost for the want of $25."

"It's a good idea," returned the lieutenant. "And you live up to it, I suppose?"

"I do," returned the oculist, tapping his pocket significantly. "Always!"

"Then," said the lieutenant, earnestly, "I wish you'd lend me a tenner, for really, doctor, I have gone clean broke."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

PAY-DAY AT JACKSON PARK.

PAY-DAY presents a busy scene at Jackson Park, the grounds of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. If the officers of the fair who dispense and disperse the funds to the hired men were as slow as some of the paymasters of this government, it is safe to venture the remark that the fair itself would never be built. But such is not the case. Indeed, there is very little red tape, as delayed action and invalided proceeding are often called, about the paying of the employés at the grounds. One entire day four times a month is consumed in rewarding the laborers for their toil, and the young men who hand out the cash would never come to the end of their work were their system not the simplest of paying systems in vogue.

There are about 6000 workmen in and about the grounds. Fortunately for the treasurer's office, all of these do not look for their wages to the World's Fair. Some thousands of them are paid by their employers, the contractors, at the contractors' offices. And it is only those who are serving directly under the supervision of exposition officers that come in contact with the official paymasters. The system, although, as has been said, quite simple, is quite effective also. There is a general time-keeper, to whom the record of each workman is reported by the sub-time-keeper of each set of men. The classes of workmen are railroaders, water supply and machinery constructors, builders of sewers and conduits, landscape-gardeners, and mechanics. The head time-keeper turns over his semi-monthly reports to the chief of the department of construction, who orders them put into order, and the sums due calculated. From these figures the pay-rolls are made up. Then the documents are handed to the auditor, who certifies to their correctness, and he, in turn, hands them to the treasurer of the exposition. The treasurer draws on his bank monthly for $60,000, in four instalments—two of $12,000 each and two of $18,000 each. The money is carried in satchels by two clerks, whose wrists are manacled to chains attached to the treasure-box, and the clerks are protected by a guard of three armed officers.

The paying-house is a little securely built frame shed, with a small window of size sufficient to permit the teller to thrust his head without, in case he desires to hold converse with an outsider, and small enough to prevent a seizure of the money by eager hands. Once safely inside their refuge, the paymaster and his assistant open the rolls, and divide the currency into all its denominations. At eight o'clock in the morning the men present themselves in line at the window. To the left stands a man who identifies the petitioner by his number only.

"Number 30," cries the identifier.

"Number 30," repeats the paymaster to his assistant.

Rapidly the assistant scans the pay-roll. "Number 30," he says, "is John Smith" or "Thomas Brown, $17 60."

That amount is rapidly counted out and thrust through the little space in the window, and John Smith or Thomas Brown, as the case may be, is kindly advised by the guard to remove himself from the vicinity of the pay-house with what expedience he has at command. And so the procession moves on. Delays are caused occasionally by the perverseness of certain of the workmen in sending their wives and daughters-in-law to collect for them. The ladies are jostled in the eager rush, and squeezed into tight places, grow indignant at being "shoved," and are further made miserable by being refused the money unless bringing certified orders from their lords. All of which incidents and similar pleasantries of that sort afford some amusement, and lend a variety of feeling to the business of a day that might have been otherwise prosaic. The paymaster positively refuses, in a polite way, to discuss amounts and "time" with workmen, thus saving trouble for themselves and embarrassment to those in waiting.

M. A. LANE.

EARLY INTERCOLLEGIATE MEETINGS.

WHEN the games were brought down to New York, the New England colleges appeared to lose all interest in them, for Yale did not send a single entry from '77 to '80, and Harvard was represented by only one or two in the same time. It was during this period, however, that H. H. Lee, U. of P., was carrying all before him in the sprints; he won the 100 in '77, '78, '79, and the 220 in '77 and '78. G. M. Hammond, J. W. Pryor, C. Eldridge, R. H. Sayre, and J. P. Conover were winning points for Columbia; Frank Larkin was doing the same for Princeton (Larkin, by-the-way, in one year secured four championships, the nearest approach to it is Wendell and H. H. Lee's performance of winning three each in a single year); and C. H. Cogswell likewise for Dartmouth.

In '79 a little Freshman from Harvard—Evert Janssen Wendell—came down and won the 220 from Lee; along with him came J. E. Cowdin, who secured the hurdle.

With the coming of Wendell, Harvard may be said to date her activity in track athletics. In '80 he was elected captain of the Harvard team, and that year, with three men, they won the championship and the cup for the first time. The team consisted of a larger number (the original picture of which may be found in this issue under Amateur Sport); but in those days firsts only counted, seconds not being considered except in case of a tie. Wendell won the 100, 220, and 440. Walter Soren won the standing high and running broad jumps, and A. C. Denniston the running high. Wendell also won the 100 and 220 in '81, and in this year made his 10-second record for the 100 yards. It was in '80 that T. De Witt Cuyler, of Yale, distinguished himself by running the mile in $4.37\frac{4}{5}$, and creating a record that was not broken for seven years. He also won in '81, but not in such good time. In '82 and '83 G. B. Morrison, Harvard, took the event, and was in turn succeeded by R. Faries, U. of P., who won for three years—'84, '85, '86, his best time being $4.38\frac{2}{5}$, and he in turn was succeeded by W. Harmar, Yale, who won in '87 and '88, best time, $4.36\frac{1}{5}$. In '89 the late C. O. Wells, Amherst, made a big hole in the record by lowering it to $4.29\frac{4}{5}$, where it yet remains.

What Wendell was to Harvard, Harry Stanford Brooks was to Yale. There had been very little interest in track athletics at New Haven, notwithstanding Mr. Cuyler's great work, until Brooks came out in '82, winning the 100 ($10\frac{4}{5}$), 220 ($22\frac{3}{5}$), and the latter also in '83. He was one of the gamest racers that ever competed, and his great 220-yard race with Wendell Baker, Harvard, in '84, which he won in $22\frac{2}{5}$, will always be remembered by those who saw it.

The year '82 noted the appearance of another great runner, W. H. Goodwin, Harvard, who won the half '82, '83, '84, and the American championship the last year in $1.56\frac{3}{5}$. He was one of the strongest runners we ever had, and it is to be greatly regretted he was never extended, for no one knows what he could have done. Had he been drawn out the day he did $1.56\frac{7}{8}$, he could easily have made a record that would in all likelihood be standing to-day. J. Foster Jenkins, Lehigh, at this time put the hurdle record down to $17\frac{3}{5}$, where it remained until W. H. Ludington, Yale, who won '85, '86, '87, placed it at 17. Here it was when Herbert Mapes, in '89, made it $16\frac{4}{5}$, at the same time lowering the 220 hurdle to $26\frac{3}{5}$. These again were brought down by H. L. Williams, Yale, the 120 to $15\frac{4}{5}$, and 220, J. P. Lee, Harvard, to $24\frac{4}{5}$, where they are likely to stay for some time to come.

Wendell Baker began his athletic career in '84, winning the 220 in that and the two succeeding years, and the 440 in '85. Curiously enough, he never won an intercollegiate 100. His records of 10 seconds, 22 seconds, and $47\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, for the 100, 220, and 440, were all made in practice against time in June and July, '86. W. B. Page, U. of P., made his first appearance in '85, and won the jumps three years, his best Intercollegiate performance being $5.11\frac{5}{8}$, which remained until G. R. Fearing, Harvard, made it 6 feet, last year. Page's great jump of 6 feet 4 inches has not been touched within about 2 inches. H. P. Toler, Princeton, in '83, was the first man to reach 10 feet in the pole vault, and no one got any higher, until Godshall in '86 cleared $10.07\frac{3}{4}$. R. G. Leavitt, Harvard, in '89, made it $10.05\frac{1}{2}$; and last year Ryder put it at 10 feet $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Beginning in '84, A. B. Coxe until '87 won the hammer, making a record of $101\frac{1}{2}$, which was not touched until Finlay, of Harvard, raised it to 108.5 last year. Coxe's shot record of 40 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, made in '87, still stands. With '87 C. H. Sherrill, Yale's great sprinter, began his series of victories that extended over four years, in both the 100 and 220. Luther Cary, Princeton, one of the most remarkable sprinters in our athletic history, ran against Sherrill in '89, and was beaten; but last year, after Sherrill had retired, he appeared to reach top form, and made the record 10 seconds for the 100 and $21\frac{3}{4}$ for the 220. He is accredited with doing the 100 in $9\frac{4}{5}$ and $9\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, but the time has never been accepted.

Cary was a contemporary of Walter C. Dohm, Princeton, and W. C. Downs, Harvard, two of the greatest middle-distance runners we have ever produced. Both ran many hard and excellent races. Dohm won the half in '90, in $1.57\frac{1}{5}$, but afterwards made a record of $1.55\frac{1}{5}$. He has also a record of 50 in the quarter. Downs has a record of 49 for the quarter, but he ran a straight-away quarter against time in $47\frac{3}{5}$, which, through the hullabaloo raised by some self-advertising newspaper reporters and trainers in Boston, has never been given him. Last year Shattuck, of Amherst, won the quarter, in the Intercollegiate time record time of $49\frac{1}{5}$.

Columbia holds the walking and broad-jumping records. T. McIlvaine brought the former down to $7.06\frac{1}{5}$, in '89, though that will be lowered next Saturday by either Borcherling (Princeton) or Collis. T. G. Shearman, Yale, won the jump for three years, and held the record of 22.6, until Victor Mapes last year raised it to $22.11\frac{1}{4}$.

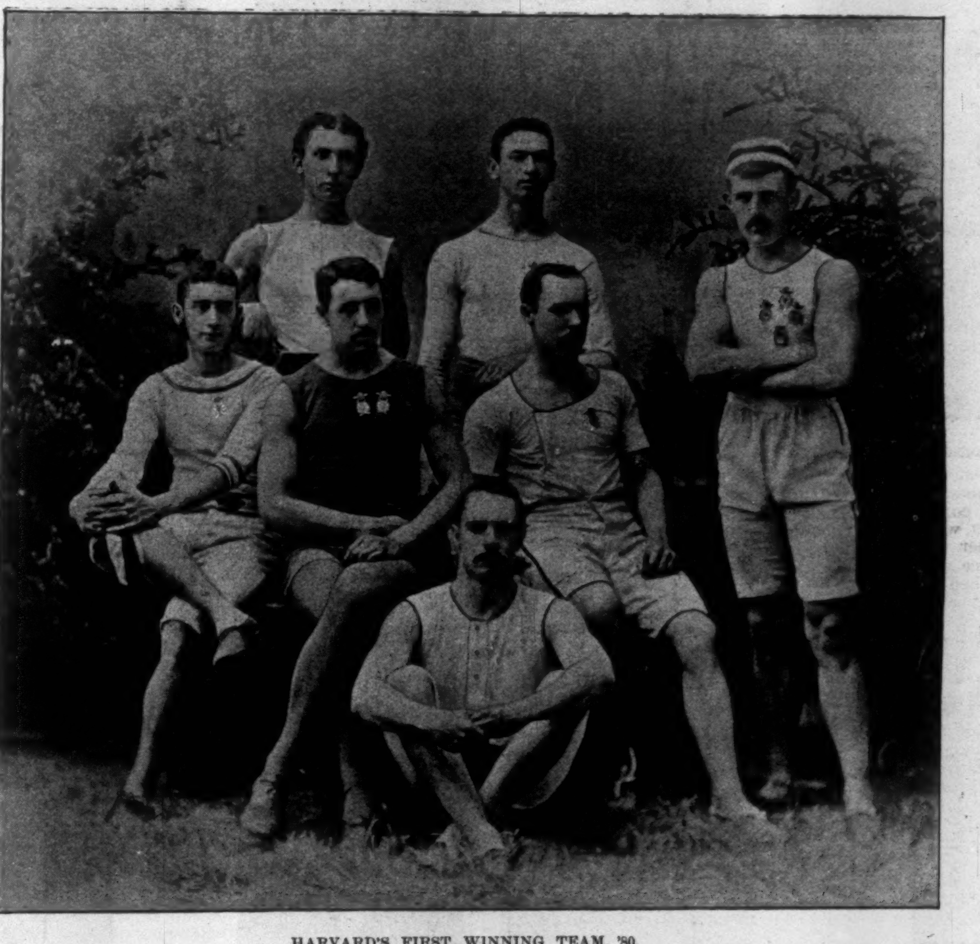
There are not likely to be as many broken records this year as last, but the quality of performance will average much higher. (See Page 525.)

N.B.—*Read Springfield for Saratoga in '73.*

AMATEUR · SPORT

THE HARVARD-YALE ATHLETIC GAMES on Friday showed how wise was the inauguration of the project last year. The more of these dual contests we have, the better it will be for amateur athletics. They develop material, foster an *esprit de corps*, and advance the standard of performance. Columbia and Princeton have, with much beneficial result, followed the example set by Harvard and Yale, and University of Pennsylvania, Lehigh, Cornell, Lafayette, and one or two others could do likewise with distinct profit to their athletic interests. Yale has made a great advancement, and much of her success on Friday is due to the captain of the athletic team, W. B. Wright, Jun., who has worked tirelessly. Last year the score was, Harvard 85, Yale 27, and it was "all over" before the competition was half finished. This year it was Harvard 61, Yale 51, and the contest keen, and the result uncertain (twice it was a tie) from the very beginning.

Yale has a strong pair of sprinters in Swayne and Allen; they ran one, two, in the 100 and 220, in $10\frac{1}{5}$ and $22\frac{2}{5}$, a performance on the former's part that would have been quite a $\frac{1}{5}$ faster on either the Berkeley Oval track or that of the M.A.C. It looks as though Swayne would touch even time in the 100 yards under favorable conditions. The track was heavy and more or less uneven at New Haven. Stillman is another of Yale's coming men. A few weeks ago 90 feet was his record with the hammer; on Friday he did 100 feet $8\frac{7}{8}$, beating Evins's 100 feet $4\frac{5}{8}$. C. E. Coxe, a brother of A. B. Coxe, is still another coming man; although a comparative novice, he threw 96 feet.



HARVARD'S FIRST WINNING TEAM, '80.

W. H. Herrick, 82. Walter Soren, '83.
Albert Thorndyke, '81. F. B. Keene, '80. A. C. Denniston, '83. E. J. Wendell '82.
J. S. Bell, '81.

IN THE SHOT, LYMAN, who is also a new man, with 38.3, added 5 points more to Yale's score, and defeated Evins, whose best was 37.8. The event supposed to be wellnigh a certainty for Yale, Wright in the half-mile, furnished a surprise in Harvard's new man Corbin, who ran an exceedingly well-judged race, and was well backed up by Batchelder (third), who can always be counted on to do a good performance. Another of Harvard's new men, Collamore, came near running away with the mile prize; as it was, he took second to Lowell's first. Scoville, Yale, runs well, has a fine stride, and impresses one with future possibilities, but so he did last year. Yale had a turn at winning with a new man, Sanford, in the quarter, though it leaves the question undecided as to who would really have won if Pinkham and Wright had not mistaken the finish line and slowed up. They will have a chance to settle this next Saturday, and if Sanford does not use himself up in the first 300, it looks as if he would again lead them across the line. The bicycle event gave a beautiful finish between the two Davis brothers, of Harvard, and Wade, Yale; the latter rode very cleverly, getting out of one or two bad places during his heat, but P. W. Davis, riding like the wind, passed him for first right at the tape, and a blanket would have covered all three. Fearing took the low hurdle, and his time, $25\frac{3}{5}$, on that track is wonderfully good (Eaton, Yale, second, must have run close to 26), second in the high to Lyman, and first in the high jump, with Green and Sherwin second and third at $5.11\frac{5}{8}$. Bloss could not get his "take off" in the broad jump, and Shead won with $21.3\frac{5}{8}$, Green second, and Goss, Yale, third. None of the men in the pole vault came up to expectation. Sherwin went out, Cartwright, Yale, succeeded finally in winning at 10 feet, with Hart second, and Wheelwright, Harvard, third. Harvard won 7 firsts, 8 seconds, and 10 thirds. Yale, 7 firsts, 6 seconds, 4 thirds.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIPS next Saturday, on Manhattan Field, will be the most closely contested of any in the Association's history. Last year 21 points separated first and second, but this year there will probably be very few points between Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, which were first, second, and third in '91, with 46, 25, and 22 respectively. Columbia made 19 points last year, but it looks now as though 10 was very near their '92 limit.

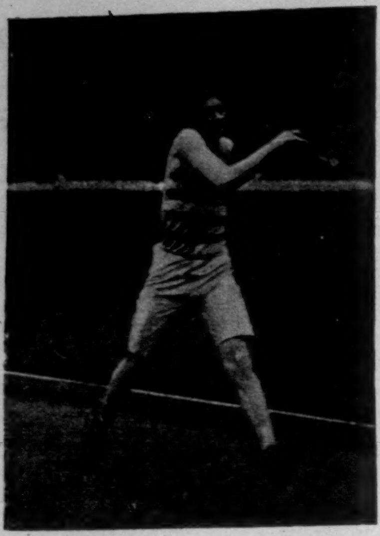
We thought last year the contests in the sprints were close, but there will probably be less distance between the first three men in the 100 and 220 than there has ever been on Manhattan Field. In the 100, Yale has Swayne and Allen; Princeton, Vredenburgh, and Swain; Harvard, Hawes and Brown; and Columbia, Harding. Of these the two Yale men have shown the best recent form, but there is so little difference the slightest indisposition or poor start will mean defeat. To-day, after the Harvard-Yale games, I incline to Swayne, Swain, Vredenburgh, Allen, Harding, Brown, as the order in the 100. In the 220 it will be a killing struggle between Vredenburgh and Swayne for first, but the former's great speed on the finish ought to land him, though the fact of not being in his best form just now makes his situation hazardous when so strong a man as Swayne is the opponent. Swain should lead Allen in this also, and Harding, if he runs, will not be in it. Columbia had better save Harding for the high hurdle, which he ought to win over Lyman, while the 100-yard company seems to be too fast. It is not likely Shattuck, of Amherst, will run this year. He has not been training, but an eye should be kept on the New England championships on the 25th. If he runs easily there, he will likely be seen in New York. If he does not, Sanford, Yale, Wright, Harvard, will have another opportunity to test one another's grit and speed. Pinkham will probably run them both very close, and if Roddy, Princeton, manages to get into form, he is likely to win from all three. Langdon is at the University of New York, and would be formidable if he had kept in shape; he is not likely to be a starter, however. But this university may have another, T. G. Shearman, formerly of Yale, who, if he competes, must be taken into consideration in the broad jump (record 22.6) and for a possible place in the high and pole vault.

TURNER, OF PRINCETON, MUST, unless all signs fail, take the half; and the struggle between Corbin, of Harvard, and Wright, of Yale, for second, is likely to drive him to record time. The mile seems to rest between Woodbridge and Lowell, with Scoville, Yale, and Koehler, Princeton, fighting for the point. Woodbridge has the winning in him if he can only bring it out; Whitney does not appear strong enough to stay with these men; and Nicholls seems to be decidedly off this year. He always promises well until the day of contest. Carr will not run, it is said; if he does, I hardly think he can head either Woodbridge or Lowell. If Columbia puts Harding into the 120 hurdle, he ought to win it from Lyman, Yale, with Fearing third; otherwise it should be Lyman, Fearing, Shead, though McLanahan may beat the latter out for the point. In the low, Fearing is certain of first, with Harding, Columbia, and Eaton, Yale, following. The walk seems a certain 5 points for Princeton. It looks as if Borcherling was too strong for Collis, though I should like to see them walk after the latter had a good rest. Ottley has done better than any of Harvard's men this year. Hale is at Cornell and Gregg at Amherst, and if they show up, they will make it very interesting for the point. Between Cartwright and Hart, Yale should get 6 or 7 points in the pole and vault, though Sherwin or Wheelwright is likely to make a fight, and so is Shearman if he enters. Pole-vaulters are very uncertain. Harvard should take all the high jump; Fearing, Green, Sherwin, and Bloss all the broad jump, unless Ramsdell has come into some of his old form, in which case he should be equal to second if not first. In the hammer it looks like Stillman, Evins, Coxe, though it is really a toss up between the two first. The shot looks like Lyman, Yale, Evins, Harvard, Beveridge, Princeton, while the bicycle rests between P. W. Davis, Harvard, and Wade, Yale, with Hall, make a strong bid against the balance of Harvard's racers for a point.

THERE NEVER HAS BEEN a year when the winner was so much in doubt. Princeton has the best chance she has ever had of capturing the cup, and with good luck may secure it. But everything must result according to programme in order for her to be successful. Figuring on the basis I have followed, the result may be Princeton, 36; Harvard, 35; Yale, 32; Columbia, 9; if Roddy, Woodbridge, Borcherling, or Ramsdell should fail to get first in their respective events, it would settle Princeton's chances, and relegate her instead to third place. Again, if Evins should win the hammer or Sherwin the pole vault, it would put Harvard beyond reach. It is possible, by some of those accidents and surprises familiar in college games, for Harvard to win several points more than I have given her; she can hardly fail to win 35. Yale can scarcely add to her score, for aside from Swayne's possible win in the 220. Princeton's loss will be Harvard's gain.

LATER.—*Shattuck will run; if he wins Princeton's chance for the cup is gone.*

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

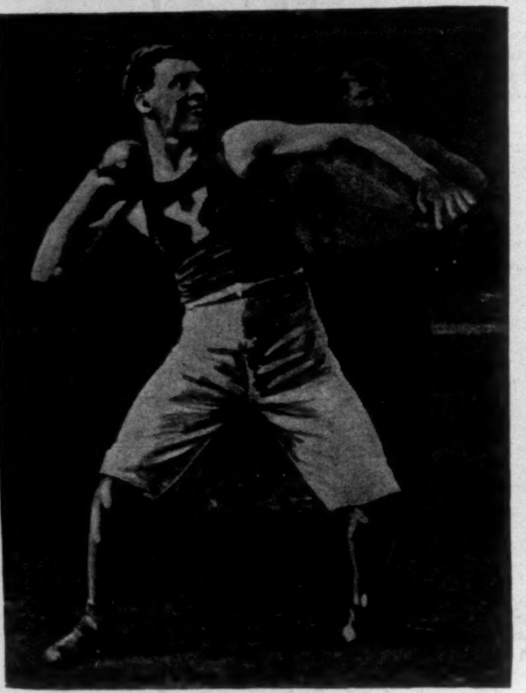


MILE WALK.—COLLIS.

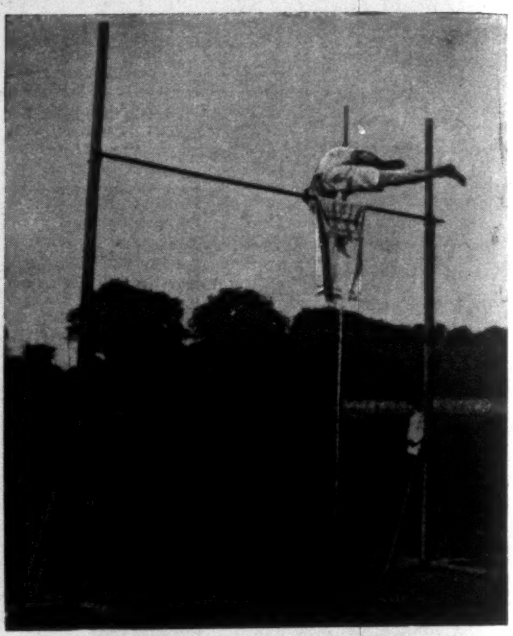
16-POUND HAMMER.—FINLAY.

220 YARDS.—COOK.

HIGH HURDLE.—HARDING.



16-POUND SHOT.—ELCOCK.



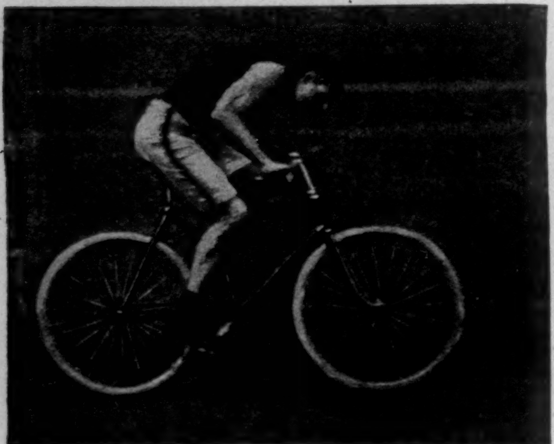
POLE VAULT.—WELCH.

ONE-MILE RUN.—CARR.

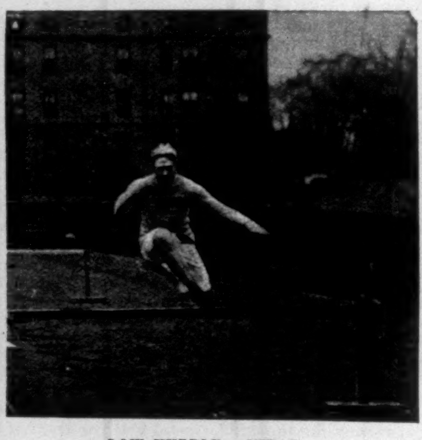
100 YARDS.—VREDENBURGH.

HALF-MILE.—TURNER.

HIGH JUMP.—FEARING.



TWO-MILE BICYCLE.—R. H. DAVIS.



LOW HURDLE.—SHEAD.

BROAD JUMP.—BLOSS.

THE EVENTS OF THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP PROGRAMME.—VIEWS FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.

EARLY INTERCOLLEGIATE MEETINGS.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

The early history of nearly every sport in this country bears witness to the sportsmanship of James Gordon Bennett, Esq. He put polo on its legs here; he gave a great incentive to coaching and yachting, especially the latter; while Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, he made great efforts to bring about rowing races between our crews and those of England; and finally, he was the first man in the United States to induce intercollegiate athletic competition. No one man has done so much for amateur sport in America as Mr. Bennett.

The beginning of intercollegiate athletics was in '73, when Mr. Bennett offered a $500 cup for a 2-mile race, to be run in July, after the boat-races at Saratoga. It was won by Duncan Bowie, of McGill University, Montreal, who beat Phillips, of Cornell, and Benton, of Amherst, in 11.48.

The following year Mr. Bennett extended the idea somewhat by giving several cups, one each for the 100 yards, 3-mile run, 120-yard hurdle, mile run, and 7-mile walk. The cups were extremely handsome, and the medals given to second men were quite as elaborate as those nowadays given to winners. The heroes of this meeting were—for the sprint, A. B. Nevins, the old Yale baseball player, time, $10\frac{1}{2}$; hurdle, Cortes Maxwell, Yale, $20\frac{1}{4}$; mile run, E. Copeland, Cornell, $4.58\frac{1}{4}$; 3-mile run, W. H. Downes, Wesleyan, $18.17\frac{3}{4}$; and walk, John Eustis, Wesleyan, 71.15.

In the autumn of this year, October 3, '74, Harvard held at Cambridge its first athletic meeting, the programme consisting of a 100 yards, high and broad jump, 1 and 2 mile runs, 3-mile walk, 120-yard hurdle, half-mile consolation, three-legged race, and throwing the baseball. Five minutes were allowed between each contest, and the programme particularly requested that "all members be on hand." The 100 yards was run on grass, and won in 13 seconds.

Those were primitive days in athletics. The track had been laid out and built by the late Judge B. R. Curtis, '75, of Boston; Frank Watson, '75; and George Walton Green, '76. In these days of record-breaking paths, it is decidedly quaint to read that the building of this early track consisted simply of marking it out, ploughing, and rolling. The athletes of those days did all their work on tracks that nowadays would be considered almost too heavy for horses. It was at this meeting that August Belmont aroused great interest by the spiked shoes he wore in one of the sprints, and George Walton Green shocked the natives by appearing in the walk with bare legs and short trousers.

These were the days of the intercollegiate rowing races at Saratoga, and after the '74 athletic meeting for Mr. Bennett's cups, the people of the town were sharp enough to detect another annual drawing card of almost equal strength to the boating event. In fact, the same great crowd that was drawn to Saratoga for the boat-race always remained over for the athletic contest. Therefore in '75 the Saratoga Rowing Association, which consisted of the town's hotel-keepers and other local worthies interested *pro tem.* in the floating population, assumed control also of the athletic contests, and gave the most elaborate cups imaginable. The games were held at Glen Mitchell, and included the same list of events as those of the previous year. J. B. Potter, of Cornell, won the 100 in $10\frac{3}{4}$; C. H. Barber, Amherst, the mile in $4.44\frac{1}{4}$; and G. W. Green covered the mile walk in 7.45; though Platt, Amherst, who did the distance in 8 minutes, won on account of a foul. C. M. Culver, Union, took the quarter in $55\frac{1}{4}$; D. Trumbull did the half in $2.06\frac{3}{4}$. It should be remembered this was on a horse track, and also that the timing in those days was not nearly so accurate or close as that of to-day.

In the autumn of this year Yale followed Harvard's example, and, aroused to making an athletic effort by G. Creighton Webb, '76, held her first college games, which were very successful. The most notable event being the running high jump of Gale, '78, who cleared 5 feet 3 inches, which was a great jump in those days. There were no other field events at this time.

After the Saratoga meeting of '75, it became very evident to those college men who cared for the future of amateur sport that the method of conducting these annual contests was not wholesome, and that an effort must be made to cleanse the contest of the purely commercial phase it had assumed in the eyes of the towns-people.

The first earnest talk on the subject was in the autumn of '75, on the occasion of the first football game between Harvard and Yale at Springfield. Here it was that Mr. Green, who was president of the Harvard Athletic Association, discussed the plan of forming an intercollegiate athletic association earnestly with Mr. Webb, who was president of the Yale Athletic Association. The result was that Mr. Green, later, went to New Haven, and the Intercollegiate Athletic Association was organized, with Mr. Webb president, and Mr. Green secretary. Theodore Roosevelt, Esq., was the second president of the association. Messrs. G. W. Green, '76, Harvard; G. Creighton Webb, '76, Yale; J. W. Pryor and C. W. Francis, of Columbia; W. C. Wallace, '76, Wesleyan; E. B. Porter, Cornell; and Dana Kittridge, Harvard, were the ones who had particularly interested themselves in the matter, and who gave the Association every possible aid after it had been formed.

The arrangement made with the Saratoga people was that the college men should take absolute management of the meeting, inspect entries, decide on events, etc., but the Saratoga Rowing Association was to look after the financial end, pay for the prizes, etc. Matters went along swimmingly now up to the time of a few weeks before the meeting of '76. The colleges took more interest in the contest, and promised greater support. The Saratoga people also determined to boom the affair (and incidentally increase their gate receipts), and to that end decided on abandoning the Glen Mitchell track, which was three miles out, and building one in the town. When what in those days corresponded to the Games Committee visited Saratoga, a few days before the contest, they found the new track in such a condition that running on a newly ploughed field would almost have been preferable. A convention hastily called decided on going back to the old track at Glen Mitchell, and the committee, procuring a horse and wagon and a small but emphatic brass band, spent a day going through the town advertising the change.

With all this ceremony, therefore, the Association held its initial meeting in '76. The first champions were: H. W. Stevens, Williams, 100 yards, $10\frac{3}{4}$, who won the quarter also in 56; R. W. Green, Princeton, half, $2.16\frac{1}{2}$; E. C. Stevenson, Dartmouth, mile, $4.58\frac{1}{2}$; W. J. Wakeman, Yale, hurdle, $18\frac{1}{4}$; W. M. Watson, C.C.N.Y., mile walk, 8.07; J. W. Pryor, Columbia, high jump, 5.04; H. L. Willoughby, U. of P., broad jump, $18.3\frac{1}{2}$; J. M. Mann, Princeton, shot, $30.11\frac{1}{2}$. This was the first year of the shot, and the following year saw the first of the pole vault and hammer, with Pryor, 7 feet 4, and G. D. Parmeley, Princeton, 75 feet 10, the pioneers. Princeton in these years was strong in the hammer and shot, for with F. Larkin she secured the championship in both each year until '80.

One of the funny sights of this meeting was a young man in the walks clad in green silk tights, liberally bespangled with gold fringe, and who, undoubtedly in imitation of Weston, the long-distance walker, heroically whipped his legs throughout the 3-mile walk! The termination of relationship with the Saratoga Rowing Association was not so pleasant as the beginning; it failed to pay Messrs. Black, Starr, and Frost for the prizes of '76, as it had promised to do, and the Intercollegiate Association thereupon determined to take the entire matter under its protection, and leave Saratoga and its money-making schemes. In consequence the games were taken to Mott Haven in '77, and in that year began the first of the series of contests for the $500 Challenge Cup, which had been provided by a general subscription among the colleges, in which all had joined but Yale. The games were held here until '81, at which time they went to the old Polo, and then afterwards to the old Manhattan Athletic Club grounds, where they staid, I believe, until '89, when they were held at the Berkeley Oval.

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN

Or woman bowed with the infirmities of age, and more particularly lumbago. But more practical, more friendly than pity, is this sound piece of advice to such persons, as well to all delicate people and convalescents: Try a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest sustaining tonic which people of declining years and the feeble generally can adopt. Kidney and rheumatic troubles and lumbago, which are peculiarly incident to age, are counteracted by this superb corrective, which also removes indigestion, malarial complaints, biliousness, la grippe.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM.

This WORLD-RENOWNED DIETETIC PREPARATION is a solid extract derived from most superior growths of wheat—nothing more. It combines the GREATEST QUANTITY OF NOURISHMENT with the LEAST AMOUNT OF LABOR NECESSARY FOR ITS DIGESTION, and stands to-day an UNRIVALLED FOOD IN THE ROOM OF THE SICK OR CONVALESCENT. —[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.

Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Use Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American appetizer, of exquisite flavor.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and the best.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"Best & Goes Farthest."

MR. PECKSNIFF.

"*Thank heaven, I Am quite well. May I be permited to say: Thank heaven and* Van Houten?

"*Is it not his Cocoa That makes me feel so Well?*"

PERFECTLY PURE.

VAN HOUTEN'S PATENT PROCESS

increases by 50 PER CENT. the solubility of the flesh-forming elements, making of the cocoa bean an *easily* digested, delicious, nourishing and stimulating drink, readily assimilated, even by the most delicate.

Sold in 1-8, 1-4, 1-2 and 1 lb. Cans.

☞ If not obtainable, enclose 25 cts. to either Van Houten & Zoon, 106 Reade Street, New York or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can containing enough for 35 to 40 cups, will be mailed. *Mention this publication.* Prepared only by the inventors Van Houten & Zoon, Weesp, Holland. a5.

"At BANQUETS, Clubs, and in homes APOLLINARIS Natural Table Water is ever a welcome guest."

N. Y Times, Mar. 10, '92.

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD,"

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.

Reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centers of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Health and Pleasure resorts.

Direct Line to NIAGARA FALLS

by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

All trains arrive at and depart from GRAND CENTRAL STATION, 4th Ave. and 42d St., New York, centre of Hotel and Residence section.

ONLY RAILROAD STATION IN NEW YORK.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW MONTHLY,

By subscription $1.50 per year; all bright, popular, and copyright, Classical and Standard Melodies.

"OUR MONTHLY MUSICAL GEM,"

The handsomest Musical Monthly ever issued in America. JUNE NUMBER, issued May 10, contains 8 compositions (all copyright); 4 instrumental and 4 vocal, with piano accompaniments; 32 pages of music on excellent paper, with engraved title cover, lithographed in colors and embellished by crayon likeness of Adelina Patti in vignette.

Enclose 15 cents for a specimen copy. Liberal terms to agents. Address

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher,
385 6th Ave., New York.

PLOWS' CANDY. Send $5.00 for a 5-lb. Box. Sent, prepaid, anywhere in U. S. Very handsome presents. 78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

The Best Work by the Simplest Means in the Shortest Time

is accomplished by the

Remington Standard Typewriter.

Send for an Illustrated Catalogue.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
327 Broadway, New York.

Arnold Constable & Co

FURNISHING FABRICS.

Chintzes, Cretonnes, Tapestries, Muslins.

PLAIN AND FANCY STRIPE LINENS for Summer Coverings.

MATTINGS.

Japanese and Chinese Mattings.

JAPANESE RUGS.

CARPETS.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK CITY.

MAYER, STROUSE & Co. MFRS. 412 B'WAY, N.Y.

CORLISS BRAND ASCOT. A NEW COLLAR

CORLISS BROS & CO MANUFACTURERS TROY, N.Y.

The Collar Band will not show above the Scarf.

★ FAMOUS. ★

The Franklin Square Library series of cheap but first-class fiction, history, biography and general literature, published by Harper & Brothers, New York, is famous. In the Franklin Square Song Collection the publishers have applied this idea to music, giving for fifty cents in each number what would otherwise cost many dollars. The music is of the choicest, and the selections have been made with care and taste.—*Detroit Post.*

Price, 50 cents; Cloth, $1.00. Address the Publishers as above for full contents of the Several Numbers thus far issued, with Specimen Pages of Songs for School and Home, sent without cost.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Victor Bicycles

First in Tires and Improvements.

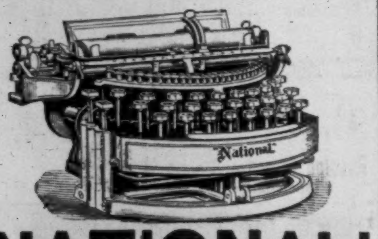
OVERMAN WHEEL CO.,
BOSTON, WASHINGTON, DENVER, SAN FRANCISCO.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS., SPECIAL AGENTS.
CHICAGO, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA.

LEADING ENGLISH PERFUME

CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS

Crown Lavender Salts
MADE ONLY BY THE
CROWN PERFUMERY Co.
177, New Bond Street, LONDON.



'NATIONAL'

The only Standard Typewriter IN THE WORLD AT A Reasonable Price.

IRRESPECTIVE OF PRICE—THE BEST.
THE BEST and Most Complete STANDARD WRITING MACHINE made.
Positively the BEST and the only PERFECT MANIFOLDER made.
We Sell under Guarantee of Satisfaction.
Standard Keyboard.
Embodies every good quality found in other writing machines, and has many points of superiority all its own. Write us for specimen Two-Color work and illustrated pamphlet giving fac-simile of key-board.

National Typewriter Co.,
715, 717, 719 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Permanent varnish—one of the finest achievements of organized industry—why is it rare?

It isn't rare; the supply exceeds the demand. The appreciation of it is rare.

If you don't care for it, why should your furniture-maker pay for it?

"People's Text-Book on Varnish," sent free.
MURPHY VARNISH CO.,
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President.
Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago.

"MARTY" FRENCH RAT TRAP

Catches from ten to thirty rats in one night; one man reports six hundred in eighteen days. Get the genuine "MARTY" trap; see that my name is on each trap before buying. Family size, $2. Hotel or store size, $4. Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price. A. W. PAINE, 106 Beekman St., N. Y., and 5 Myrtle Av., Brooklyn.

STABLES should have the "SLOW-FEED" Manger. (Price, $1.60.) Made by FRANK WORTHLEY, Elm St., Boston. F. P. SMITH, 96 Lake St., Chicago.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
Manufacturers and Importers of

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS, MATERIALS, CHEMICALS, AND SUPPLIES.

Detective and view Cameras in great variety of styles and prices. Lenses, shutters, dry plates, etc., etc.

THE BEST TEXT-BOOKS ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

Free use of dark room on main floor of our store.

Fifty Years Established. Send for Catalogue.

RAMBLER BICYCLES.

Fitted with THE CELEBRATED G. & J. PNEUMATIC TIRES.
NO SIDE SLIP.
WILL HOLD AIR.

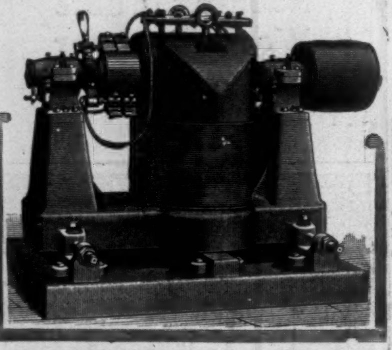
Catalogue Free.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
221-225 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
178 Columbus Ave., BOSTON. 1325 14th St., N. W. WASHINGTON.
1769-1771 Broadway, NEW YORK.

THE CELEBRATED
SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS
UNRIVALED FOR
Accuracy, Durability, Safety, and Convenience in Loading.

Beware of cheap iron imitations.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue & Price List.
Guaranteed Perfect.
SMITH & WESSON, Springfield, Mass.

Credenda Bicycles, $90

A high grade machine at a popular price.
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. PHIL'A.
Catalogue Free.



Card Electric Dynamo

economically lights stores, hotels, factories and other plants where there is an excess of steam or water power available.

Write for illustrated catalogue.
The Card Electric Motor & Dynamo Co.
CINCINNATI, O.

AUSABLE HORSE NAIL Co.
4 Warren St. New York.
Manufacturers of Horse Nails.

COPYING the OLD FASHIONED HAND PROCESS which was FORGING BLANKS HOT from end of rod and COLD HAMMER POINTING by the SHOER.
See that your farrier uses nothing but the celebrated HOT FORGED & COLD HAMMER POINTED AUSABLE NAILS if you want your horses to have sound feet.

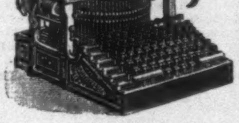
Forged Hot
from end of rod—thus—

and
COLD HAMMER POINTED.
AUSABLE NAILS speak for themselves.
SAMPLES, AND PRICES ON APPLICATION.

"Improvement the Order of the Age."

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
has just received from the U. S. War Department, Washington, **an order for 150 machines**, the largest order ever given for typewriters by any government or corporation.

This decision was based upon the many improvements and the superior mechanical excellence of the Smith Premier over all other typewriters.



THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

BRANCH OFFICES:
New York, 293 & 295 Broadway.
Philadelphia, 335 Chestnut St.
Chicago, 154 Monroe St.
Omaha, Neb., 1609½ Farnam St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 214 Wood St.
Cincinnati, Ohio, 166 Walnut St.
St. Louis, Mo., 208 No. 7th St.
Denver, Colo., 1629 Champa St.
Baltimore, Md., 11 East Baltimore St.
Buffalo, N. Y., 44 Niagara St.
Rochester, N. Y., 407 Powers' Block.
Detroit, Mich., 101 Griswold St.
St. Paul, Minn., Chamber of Commerce Building.
Boston, 25 School St.
Minneapolis, Minn.

"SPORTSMAN'S" is one of forty brands of "UNITED STATES" Playing Cards. They are made from linen stock, are double enameled, highly and evenly finished, and have beautiful and appropriate backs—Deer, Dog, Fish, Pheasant, etc. The cards are very elastic, guaged to thickness, and have unusual dealing and wearing qualities. They are in constant use in sportsmen's clubs everywhere and no outfit is considered complete without a dozen packs.

Ask your dealer for Sportsman's and insist upon having this brand.

THE UNITED STATES PRINTING CO.,
THE RUSSELL & MORGAN FACTORIES, CINCINNATI, O.

Send thirty-five (35) cents in stamps and get in return a sample pack of Sportsman's and "The Card Player's Companion," a book of popular games and how to play them.

TRADE MARK.

Rae's Lucca Oil
Is unquestionably
"The Perfection of Olive Oil."

The First Analysts in the World pronounce it Pure Olive Oil.

Established 1836. S. RAE & CO. LEGHORN, ITALY.

Financial.

Letters of Credit.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.
Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

READ THIS!

UPON receipt of any sum of money, large or small, I will buy **Real Estate** in the name of any person named by the investor, and will **Guarantee the Principal and TEN Per Cent.**, together with **half the profit that may accrue** from such investment, and sell the property within a period of from three to five years, as may be agreed.
E. N. OUIMETTE, ... Tacoma, Wash.
Reference: WASHINGTON NATIONAL BANK, Tacoma.

8% Net sounds good for idle money. Investment shares for large or small Investors sold on instalments. Prune lands netting over $2000 per acre per annum for sale, 10 per cent. down, 3 per cent. per month. CROPS AND BANKS NEVER FAIL IN OREGON. Send for our new Prospectus. THE FARM TRUST & LOAN CO., Portland, Oregon.

FAIRHAVEN THE MOST PROGRESSIVE CITY in the STATE OF WASHINGTON. Best harbor on Puget Sound—Ocean terminals of the four great trans-continental system. **Unlimited Natural Resources.** Write us concerning high grade investments.
GAMWELL & WARNER, Investment Bankers, Fairhaven, Wash.

10% NET TO INVESTORS! on FIRST MORTGAGE Improved Property Loans. Titles guaranteed. Personal attention given to every detail. Best references. Send for sample notes and mortgage used.
JOSEPH P. BACHE, Salt Lake City, Utah.

10% FIRST MORTGAGES On inside property in TACOMA. Payable in GOLD with N. Y. Exchange. Security absolute. Highest References. Address Wm. E. Smith, Investment Banker, Tacoma, Wash.

LOVELY FACES,
WHITE HANDS.

Nothing will WHITEN and CLEAR the skin so quickly as

Derma-Royale

The new discovery for dissolving and removing discolorations from the cuticle, and bleaching and brightening the complexion. In experimenting in the laundry with a new bleach for fine fabrics it was discovered that all spots, freckles, tan, and other discolorations were quickly removed from the hands and arms without the slightest injury to the skin. The discovery was submitted to experienced Dermatologists and Physicians who prepared for us the formula of the marvelous Derma-Royale. THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING LIKE IT. It is perfectly harmless and so simple a child can use it. Apply at night—the improvement apparent after a single application will surprise and delight you. It quickly dissolves and removes the worst forms of moth-patches, brown or liver spots, freckles, blackheads, blotches, sallowness, redness, tan and every discoloration of the cuticle. One bottle completely removes and cures the most aggravated case and thoroughly clears, whitens and beautifies the complexion. It has never failed—IT CANNOT FAIL. It is highly recommended by Physicians and its sure results warrant us in offering

$500 REWARD.—To assure the public of its merits we agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars CASH, for any case of moth-patches, brown spots, liver spots, blackheads, ugly or muddy skin, unnatural redness, freckles, tan or any other cutaneous discolorations, (excepting birth-marks, scars, and those of a scrofulous or kindred nature) that Derma-Royale will not quickly remove and cure. We also agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars to any person whose skin can be injured in the slightest possible manner, or to anyone whose complexion (no matter in how bad condition it may be), will not be cleared, whitened, improved and beautified by the use of Derma-Royale.

Put up in elegant style in large eight-ounce bottles.
Price, $1.00. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

Derma-Royale sent to any address, safely packed and securely sealed from observation, safe delivery guaranteed, on receipt of price, **$1.00 per bottle.** Send money by registered letter or money order with your full post-office address written plainly; be sure to give your County, and mention this paper.

Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash.

AGENTS WANTED Send for Terms / Sells on Sight $10 A DAY.
Address The DERMA-ROYALE COMPANY,
Corner Baker and Vine Streets. CINCINNATI OHIO.

EMERSON 55 000 SOLD

FOR OVER FORTY YEARS have enjoyed a high reputation. Brilliant and musical; tone of rare sympathetic quality; beautiful for vocal accompaniment. Durably constructed of finest material by most skilful workmen. Exceptional in retaining original richness and fulness of tone. Require tuning less often than any other piano. MODERATE PRICES. REASONABLE TERMS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

BOSTON 174 TREMONT St. NEW YORK 92 FIFTH AVE. PIANOS

De Miel's Health Biscuit *insures healthy body and mind—described in "Harper's Magazine" for May.*

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE........	*Postage Free,*	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY...........	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR..........	"	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ..	"	2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

TO EXPEL SCROFULA

from the system, take

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

the standard blood-purifier and tonic. It

Cures Others will cure you.

"Who is shy?"

Copyrighted.

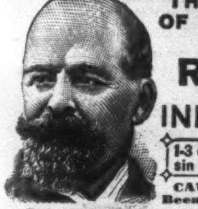
THE TRITON BRAND PLAYING CARDS

For beauty and quality unequalled. They are "SQUEEZERS," have SUPERB FINISH, PERFECT SLIP, and are double enamelled. The favorites in Parlor, Club and Camp. All Dealers have them. **SAMPLE PACK mailed on receipt of 25c.**

Be sure you see the word **TRITON** on the box and wrapper of each pack. Our **MASCOTTE BRAND** is the best 15c. card made. Ask your dealer for them.

N.Y. Consolidated Card Co., West 14th St., N.Y.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.

A DELICIOUS **REMEDY** FOR ALL FORMS OF **INDIGESTION.**

1-3 of an ounce of Pure Pepsin mailed on receipt of 25c.

CAUTION—See that the name **Beeman** is on each wrapper.

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of **10c.**; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

THE GENUINE HENRY'S MAGNESIA.

The best of all. Popular in England for more than one hundred years past as an invaluable household medicine. Sour Stomach (particularly in infants), Flatulence, Constipation, Biliousness, and Heartburn relieved at once. Especially beneficial to the Gouty. Obtainable of Druggists. To avoid counterfeits, see that the label bears the name of W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & Co. as Wholesale Agents for the United States.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.
$12 Buys a $65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE.
OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEP'T CHICAGO, ILL.

MAKE YOUR OWN SODA-WATER.

COSTS BUT ONE CENT A GLASS.

On receipt of $1.00 we will mail you recipe for making most delicious soda-water. (No bottling or boiling required.) Easily made in a few minutes. Any flavor desired.

Equal to Ice-Cream Sodas. Full directions sent.

ACME SODA CO., 48 East 9th St., N. Y.

18th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

WHIST PLAYERS Send for free copy of "**Whist,**" the great Whist Monthly. Whist Pub. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

KODAKS.

Regular
Junior
Folding
Daylight
Ordinary

14 Styles and sizes for the season of 1892.

$6.00 to $65.00.

Latest improvements, registers for exposures, glass plate attachments, Daylight loading, &c., &c. *Send for catalogue.*

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"Colorado in One Night."

Another new train with all the luxurious appointments common to the GREAT ROCK ISLAND'S equipment has been added to the Colorado service. The "Rocky Mountain Limited" between Chicago, Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, and Manitou leaves Chicago at 10.45 every morning, immediately after the arrival of all fast trains from the East. Though a limited train, there is no extra fare. It reaches Denver the next afternoon—earlier than any other route.

There is no change of sleepers; passengers for Pueblo and Colorado Springs are not disturbed.

This train is specially designed for Summer Traffic, and consists of one baggage car, two sleepers, and one of our far-famed Dining Cars. It is lighted by Gas, and in Winter heated by steam from the engine. In fact, nothing is lacking conducive to comfort. It is as if you were in your own drawing-room.

Its counterpart leaves Denver daily at 9 A.M., returning over the same route, via Phillipsbury, Beatrice, Lincoln, Omaha, Des Moines, and Davenport, arriving at Chicago next day at 4.15 P.M.

The "Big Five" will continue as usual, leaving Chicago at 10 P.M. daily, arriving at Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo the second morning, being out but one day. No. 11 will leave as heretofore, at 6 P.M., by way of Kansas City, and reach Denver at the same hour as the "Big Five."

By these additions the Colorado service of the Great Rock Island affords two "Flyers" daily each way. "TAKE THE ROCK ISLAND!"

E. ST. JOHN, *General Manager,*
JOHN SEBASTIAN, *Gen'l Ticket and Passenger Agt.,*
CHICAGO.

There is NO *"SURE CURE FOR EVERY CASE OF ASTHMA"* or *"EVERY CASE OF HAY FEVER,"* but the worst cases, *if uncomplicated by organic disease,* can be **CURED TO STAY CURED** *by constitutional treatment,* and this at the patient's home.

ASTHMA AND HAY-FEVER

We treat no one without a thorough knowledge of the case.

Incurable Cases Declined.

Examination free by mail.

We want name and address of every sufferer from Asthma or Hay Fever.
P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The most perfect toilet powder is

LA VELOUTINE FAY

Special Poudre de Riz

Prepared with bismuth by **CH. FAY,** *Parfumer,* 9, r. de la Paix, Paris
USE NONE OTHER
Caution.—None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

Trade-mark on every bottle.

HALL'S ERIE CATARRH REMEDY.

Positively cures **Catarrh** and **Colds** in the **Head, Deafness, Sore Nose, Hay Fever,** &c. **Not a Liquid.** Pleasant, convenient, **harmless.** Satisfaction **guaranteed,** or money refunded. Price 50 cents at druggists', or mailed on receipt of price. **Send for free sample.**

E. P. HALL, Erie, Pa. Be sure you get "**ERIE.**" Take no other.

FREE

For 30 Days. Wishing to introduce our **CRAYON PORTRAITS** and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to make this **Special Offer:** Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph, Tintype, Ambrotype or Daguerotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address all mail to **THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO.** Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture **FREE** as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

An Ideal Complexion Soap.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers, or if unable to procure this **Wonderful Soap** send 25 cents in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society Waltz) sent **FREE** to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

Bands will be in great demand until after the Presidential Election. We supply instruments.

Illustrated hundred-page Catalogue sent free on receipt of six cents in stamps for postage.

The **Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.,**
Cincinnati, O.

This is the FAMOUS **BOSTON CHEST WEIGHT**

For the Home or Gymnasium —the child or athlete.

Noiseless, Adjustable, Simple, Handsome.

A perfect and durable mechanical device which costs no more than the wonderful contrivances of string and iron which rattle and squeak and weary.

We are the largest manufacturers of Gymnastic Apparatus in the country. Come right to headquarters. It will pay you. Catalogue **Free.**

Consumers now get the Agent's discount of **25** per cent.

THE SCHUMACHER GYMNASIUM CO., AKRON, OHIO.

A GEM TO BUILD

For All Who Want

Our New Book of 172 pages, 8½x11 inches. The *"Cottage Souvenir,"* containing a great variety of **DESIGNS** and **PLANS** of *Artistic Dwellings* costing from **$500** to **$10,000.** The Beauty of these Designs has given this book a wonderful sale, and hundreds of Beautiful Homes are being built from them. Price **$2.00.** Prospectus and sample pages **FREE.**

GEO. F. BARBER & CO., Architects, Knoxville, Tenn.

Educational.

Hellmuth College,

LONDON, Ontario, Canada.

For Young Ladies & Girls. Beautiful Home. Healthy Climate. Full Academic Course. Music, Art, Elocution, etc. Passenger Elevator. 150 Acres. Students from 25 Provinces and States. For illus. catalogue, address REV. E. N. ENGLISH, M. A., Principal.

WE SELL DIRECT

and allow you the discount others allow to agents. **Highest grade Safeties.** Send 6c. in stamps for particulars and catalogue 20 leading makes. **DIRECT DEALING CYCLE CO. Box 592, Baltimore**

FAIRY TRICYCLES

FOR LADIES, GIRLS AND BOYS.
FAY MFG. CO., Elyria, O.